

The Monthly Musical Record.

AUGUST 1, 1876.

ROBERT SCHUMANN :
HIS PIANOFORTE WORKS.

BY FR. NIECKS.

CHAPTER III.—OP. I—23, 26, 28.

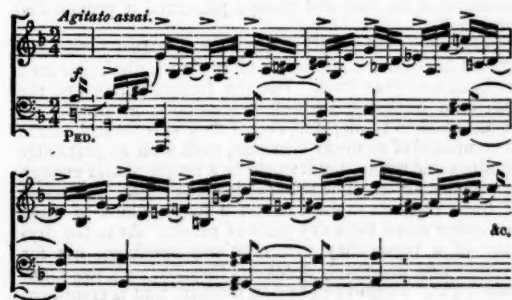
(Continued from page 106.)

Now we come to two of those works which Schumann himself indicated as being the best of this period. He had found at last the proper form for his confidential communications—for the "Kreisleriana" and "Novelletten" are a kind of "confessions," and more trustworthy, I am sure, than most publications which go by that name, those of Jean Jacques Rousseau for instance. These pieces read like a romance, to the interest and beauty of which they add the truthfulness of reality. Although it may be said of many of Schumann's pieces that they are chapters of a romance, none of them suggests this idea so vividly as these two works. The "Kreisleriana" is, I think, the more perfect of the two, and has been pretty generally considered the best of Schumann's pianoforte works. It combines with its great wealth of thought and feeling an effective artistic economy—you get as much as you can take in and carry away with you; while in the "Novelletten" there is an *embarras de richesses* which sometimes prevents the full enjoyment of all its beauties. The latter work is more varied and changeable in the moods it depicts; the artistic combinations, the colouring, and the whole apparatus of expression with which the musical thoughts are decked out are richer, at times even gorgeous; in the former work, on the other hand, there is greater earnestness and concentration, and consequently more unity and compactness. In both the working of the mind is made audible; but, while in the "Kreisleriana" we have a series of consecutive thoughts flowing naturally one into another, the composer seems often to proceed in the "Novelletten" *per saltum*, making it sometimes rather difficult for the hearer to follow him.

A name means so little, or rather so many different things, especially in our musical terminology, that instead of describing these pieces as written in a kind of rondo or song form, as has been done by others, I shall give the outline of the first two numbers of the

"Kreisleriana." Eight fantasias, dedicated to Frederic Chopin; Op. 16; composed in 1838.

No. 1. *Agitato assai*. In the first part we hear a wild outburst of passion, a rushing onward with growing impetuosity—



68

The second part, which consists of sixteen bars, of which the latter eight are a repetition of the first part, begins with exclamations of despair—



This concludes the first section, the whole of which is repeated after the middle or trio-like portion of the piece, which, like the first, consists of two parts of eight and sixteen bars respectively, the second half of the second part being a modified repeat of the first part. In this second section the wild excitement gives way to a calmer mood, it breathes tenderness, the composer seems to dwell caressingly on a sweet image—



Yet all through there is an under-current of melancholy—alas, it is but an image!—and again the wild enemy, passion, seizes him; this is the return of the first section. The principal key of this fantasia is D minor; both the first and second parts close in that key, a proceeding which is explained and justified by their commencements. The second section is in B flat major, the first part closing in F major, the second in B flat.

The second fantasia, *Molto espressivo e non troppo vivace*, is perhaps the finest of the series: it is an exhalation of purest sentiment and poetry which holds us spell-bound. To the peaceful contemplative first section of two parts (eight and twenty-eight bars)—



succeeds an intermezzo (F major, eight and nine bars) of a more lively character—

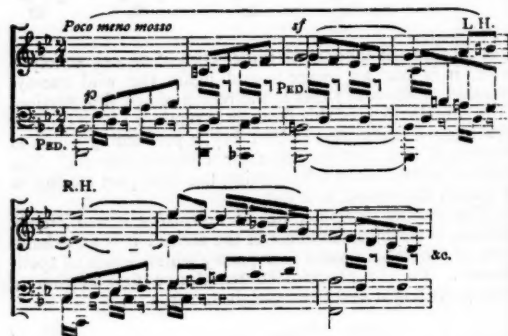


A recurrence of the first section intervenes between this and a second intermezzo (G minor, eight and nineteen bars), which is of a moving pathos, and full of unavailing energy—



In the next and concluding section the principal theme of the first appears in wonderful transformations. This *Meno mosso*, with its waving and interweaving voices, its lovely harmonies and surprising modulations, is truly heavenly.

The third fantasia, although like the first of an agitated character, is yet different in kind; it depicts rather a state of pain and uncertainty than indignation: indeed, in the *Poco meno mosso* you think you hear the beats of an anxious heart—



No. 4 is musical speech, and how vain the attempt to translate it into verbal speech, and thus recount the composer's thoughts and feelings as we follow him through his moods and meditations! The spoken word illuminated by the tone of the voice, the sparkle of the eye—the interpreters of the heart and mind—might do something, but letters which stare in your face with cold immobility, how inadequate! And to speak of chords and keys, where all is heart and mind, how frivolous and insipid! The reader would not be a whit the wiser for a bill-of-fare kind of description, or pages of notes of admiration, therefore I say only this—if you don't know the work, get it, open its pages; they will speak to you. There is an air of unpainted truthfulness about the "Kreisleriana" which must touch every heart, unless it be shrivelled up with pedantry and prejudice. Whether you open at No. 5, with its manly energy and yearning outstretching, at the dream-like No. 6, the determinate No. 7, or the playful No. 8, you feel it is a brother mortal who speaks to you, who wants sympathy, and with whom you can sympathise. *On ne dispute pas des goûts*, but can this be a question of taste? Does not one touch of nature make us all akin? Though we may differ as to the merits of the pretty conceits or artfully contrived compositions of a second-rate poet, we cannot but be at one, at least as long as fashions and false education have left

anything of health and nature in us, in our enjoyment and admiration of Shakespeare's portraiture of nature. Indeed, it may be taken as a maxim that the more firmly an art is founded on nature, the deeper and wider will be its influence.

The name "Kreisleriana" must have been a puzzle to many. It is derived from E. T. A. Hoffmann's work, "Lebensansichten des Kater Murr nebst fragmentarischer Biographie des Kapellmeisters Johannes Kreisler, in zufälligen Maculaturblättern." No one who is acquainted with Schumann's work can for a moment doubt that he here describes his own and not Kreisler's joys and sorrows; besides, have we not his own words that it was Clara who occasioned the work? It has been remarked that these pieces might as well have been called Schumanniana or Wertheriana, either of these names would have been more generally understood, but the former is one a modest man would hardly choose, and the latter is certainly less appropriate than the one adopted. What more natural than that our composer should be attracted by the fantastical Kapellmeister rather than by the hero of the youthful Goethe?

Now I must quote a short but interesting remark from a letter of Schumann's, which, it seems to me, cannot find a fitter place than here between the discussions of the "Kreisleriana" and "Novelletten." It runs thus: "That Bach and Jean Paul have formerly exercised the greatest influence upon me, you will find out without being told by me. Now I have become more independent." (The letter was written in 1843.) I am not sure whether the remark was so unnecessary as Schumann thought, for great as the influence was which these two great men exercised upon him, and distinct as the traces are when once attention has been called to them, it is often overlooked, and indeed not so obvious as to strike at first sight. Not every one knows Bach and Jean Paul Richter even in Germany, and then Schumann is not one of those who take in indiscriminately whatever they can lay hold on, and afterwards retail it as indiscriminately—playing the part of a mill that grinds other people's corn—nay, he assimilates what is most homogeneous with his nature and casts aside all the rest, and thus produces a *tertium quid* made up of—what I will call for brevity's sake—the innate and subsequently acquired, a something which is indeed nothing else but an enriched and developed self. Besides these two principal sources there are others to which Schumann owes something. The name of the work before us points to Hoffmann; he also was a great admirer of Schubert and Chopin, and one cannot admire without being to some extent influenced. James Russell Lowell says well: "Poets import their raw material from anywhere and everywhere, and the question comes at last to this—whether an author has original force enough to assimilate all he has acquired, or that be so overmastering as to assimilate *him*." So much is certain, Schumann was not assimilated, he had and always preserved a pronounced personality.

Some, no doubt, will think it strange that Schumann should have been the disciple of two such dissimilar men as Bach and Jean Paul. But the Leipzig cantor and the Bayreuth humorist are not so dissimilar as people are accustomed to think; and even if they were, man's nature is composed of so many elements, each with its particular leanings and wants, that it would be a simple matter enough to account for it. The mistake is made thus. The name of Bach suggests to most people a fugue, which to them is another name for a dry piece of music. As to the dryness of a fugue they are, relatively speaking, not far wrong; and absolutely speaking, they are only too often quite right. Fugues can find in modern, that is emotional

and intellectual, music only a very limited place; but polyphony generally, although neither the only legitimate nor in all cases the best and most effective musical language, is still, and always will be, one of the most powerful means in the hands of the musician, for it is capable of expressing an intensity altogether out of the reach of homophony. Now Bach was more than a fugue-writer, and his fugues, too, are something more than clever combinations of tones; indeed it is just this something which raises him above the thousands of craftsmen who have surfeited the world with the products of their ingenuity. Bach does not only make "efforts to shake off his peruke," as Wagner says, but he often succeeds in doing so, and sometimes even flings it into the air with a *gaieté de cœur*, not boisterous, but pleasant and hearty, which is irresistible. The performances of his choral works, which now from time to time take place in the metropolis—examples which it is to be hoped may in the future be followed by the provinces more frequently than hitherto—will do much to correct the false ideas which are still current among amateurs and, alas! also among professors. It is high time that justice be done to this master, and some of the praise which is so freely lavished on Handel be transferred to the modest cantor, who not only was the man with the greatest musical combinative faculty that ever lived, but at the same time, though perhaps not "the poet of poets in the world of sound," as he has been called, certainly one of the greatest of them. If you have once learned his wondrous language and recognised in him the deep-souled man, you will find the difference between the musician and the prose-poet less great than at first appeared, and then also you will be easily able to trace his relationship with Schumann.

The "Novelletten," Op. 21, dedicated to Adolph Henselt, and composed like the preceding work in 1838, are characterised by Schumann as "larger connected romantic stories." Here we have no painful forcing, no oozing out of thought, but a full stream, a rich outwelling, such as is rare even with this master. The hand is hardly able to keep pace with the prompting mind. They differ from the preceding series in the preponderance of the humorous element, and are of a more hopeful and cheery tone. No. 2, which portrays a state of tremulous excitement, and in part also No. 1, where determination, hopefulness, and infinite longing find alternately expression, must be excepted from this description. No. 1 has, I think, become the most popular of the "Novelletten." It is one of those pieces of the series which appear to be most perfect in form—that is to say, which are most coherent and produce the greatest unity of effect. These are Nos. 1, 4, and 6. Next to them I place No. 5, the matter of which is truly overwhelming, the glitter and festal excitement quite bewildering; it reminds one of tournaments and the age of chivalry, so romantic is the tone which pervades the whole composition. Picture after picture passes before us, one does not know which to admire most. Still all is so homogeneous that it leaves but one impression, though clear rather than distinct, and not unlike that which one receives on entering a ball-room brilliantly lighted, richly decorated, and filled with well-dressed people. The opening of the piece is glittering, bold and joyous; two low and gliding parts follow; then, after a return to and a recurrence of the principal melody, listen to the charming passage in D major, which is so like visions of happiness; it is interrupted by a motive of the principal thought, at first soft, but gradually increasing in loudness and boldness, rising higher and higher on the pedal point till at last the first festive themes strike in again. Two parts of a marked rhythmical character and another repetition of

the first theme bring us to a charming passage full of waywardness and unexpected turns—



The passage in D then reappears; it is a looking back with fond longing to something that is far away, and the motive from the first subject, which is muttered now and then by the bass, sounds like the echo of a vanished past.

In connection with the last illustration I should like to make a remark applicable indeed not only to this instance, but to much of Schumann's and modern music generally. A passage like the above becomes quite unintelligible unless it is played with great freedom. A musician certainly ought to be able to play strictly in time, but he ought also to have insight and judgment to swerve from that mechanical regularity where the spirit of the composition demands it. Why should not music be read as we read poetry? Or is music a mean, meaningless thing? And if not, why do musicians insist on degrading their art to a mere jingle, and themselves to a kind of metronome? Good taste is in this, as in all matters of art, the only arbiter; it will teach which composers and compositions admit of liberties such as *tempo rubato*, retardation, acceleration, &c., and in what places they should be made use of. That this must lead to different readings of the same works is obvious, but the same takes place in poetry. Indeed, the two cases are analogous. The number and degree of the different readings will be in proportion to the depth and spiritual contents of the work. The readings of Beethoven's and Shakespeare's works are more various and more numerous than those of Mendelssohn's and Pope's.

To do justice to the "Novelletten" I should have to give pages to each of them, but as I do not wish to tire the reader I shall pass on to the last number. It is the longest of the series and, though not the best-digested, the most interesting, being full of pithy thought, deep feeling, and ingenious *aperçus*. At first it is difficult to follow the composer in his sudden leaps, till we arrive at the second trio. As it dies away a "voice from the distance" is heard. The "continuation" brings this melody in diminution, with different surroundings, and prolonged, after which a reminiscence of the second trio leads us to the "continuation and end." These and other names of Schumann, such as "intermezzo," remind one somewhat of Jean Paul's "Extra Leaves." This portion of the number

is full of freshness and vigour. In the unbroken chain of interesting thoughts which run through it, we meet once more the melody which we heard from a "voice in the distance," here again differently accompanied.

—Although one may admit that the form of these pieces is not so perfect as that of the "Kreisleriana," one must take into account the peculiar moods which are here portrayed; they are more wayward than those of the other works, at times even eccentric; and it may come to this, that if you reject the form, you must also reject the contents. This applies especially to the humorous pieces—that is, Nos. 3, 4, 6, and in part also to No. 8. For humour, the child of love and imagination, does not willingly submit to conventional forms and rules of symmetry. These numbers deserve on that account special attention from the student; a comparison of contents and form cannot but be a pleasant and instructive task.

The pieces which come next under our consideration were composed during a stay of several months in Vienna, to which town Schumann wished to remove his paper, and where he hoped to make such a position for himself as would enable him to take a wife, and found a household of his own. He was, however, unsuccessful and returned to Leipzig. The plans and business which brought him to the Austrian capital, the life of this pleasure-loving town, meetings with old and new friends, would naturally distract his mind from its usual ways, and may account for the different quality of the works he composed there. Of them Schumann himself wrote that the "Humoreske" was somewhat melancholy, and that the "Blumenstück" and "Arabeske" did not signify much. None of them, it is true, has the intense warmth or the delicious humour of the "Kreisleriana" and "Novelletten;" they are more like the occasional jottings of a beautiful soul than the outpourings of an overflowing heart, or the concentrated efforts of an earnest mind. This refers more particularly to the "Humoreske," a work which, along with many passages of great beauty, contains much that is comparatively weak and uninteresting. It lacks coherence and seems to be hardly more than the purposeless meandering of a preoccupied mind.

The "Blumenstück," Op. 19, bears out the name, it is all flowers without thorns. A pleasant warmth and gentle stir pervade the whole of the piece, and leave an impression such as one receives from a walk in a wood on a summer day, when the sunlight struggles through the tree-tops, and plays in a thousand marvellous tints on tree, bush, herb, lichen, and earth. Let us not be ungrateful for this bit of sunshine.

The "Arabeske," Op. 18, is very graceful and lovely, also more emotional than the preceding piece, indeed full of tenderness. The coda especially is very beautiful.

Op. 23, "Nachtstücke" (Night Visions), is in my opinion the best of the works he wrote in Vienna. The first of the four pieces surrounds us with the silence and mysterious awfulness of night; it transports us into that peculiar state between waking and sleeping, when we look passively upon the creations of the brain as something outside of us and independent of us, and see town and country, huts and palaces, processions and scenes, ourselves often in the midst of them, just as we would a play. To point out a few things, how beautiful is the re-entrance of the opening bars (see Vol. III., p. 592, last bar, Pauer's edition), and the A minor passage that follows soon after, where the melody is assigned now to this and now to that part, and finally to two! also the canon at the octave should

not be forgotten. The A flat major, the questioning full of yearning and loving longing, which succeeds to the headlong opening of No. 2, is especially fine.



The composer, who depicts in No. 3 a state of deep agitation, is quiet and simple, and yet full of inmost feeling, in No. 4. This last number has become the most popular of these pieces, and indeed is so simply beautiful, that little can and need be said about it. With the well-known series of E. T. A. Hoffmann's tales this work has nothing in common but the name.

The "Faschingsschwank aus Wien" (Carnival's jest from Vienna), Op. 26, consists of five pieces. The first is an extravagant conglomeration of the most various but at the same time exquisitely beautiful things. The restless skipping from thought to thought is justified by the title and the frame of mind it indicates. Gay and grave, tender and satirical, mingle together in bright confusion. The first two parts, the refrain which is again and again heard after the different excursions, hit off well the wild and jovial excitement of the Carnival. This portion may be called the key-note of the whole conception, and is the key-stone of this slight structure. What follows next is like a turn in a kaleidoscope. Mark well the rhythm, how the groups of four bars are now and then interrupted by one of two bars only. The second excursion contains the embryos of some fine effects which will be found in Schumann's orchestral works. Let me call your attention only to one or two other passages. First to the introduction of the Marseillaise (Vol. III., p. 596 of Pauer's edition)—imagine the Marseillaise in Vienna in 1839!—then to the E flat major which begins on page 597—notice the sustained, I should like to call it the obstinate, B flat at the beginning of the first and second parts, and what a deliciously piquant effect it has; the coda too is very interesting. No. 2, the romance, can have nothing to do with the Carnival. Apparently the poet finds himself face to face with a puzzle which he cannot unravel. "Why, oh, tell me why?" he goes on repeating with a swelling heart. And in the C major an inner voice seems to say, "Be patient and hope." But he thinks, "How can I?" and once more he falls to the dismal declaiming of "Why, oh, tell me why?"

The frolicsome scherzino brings us back to the Carnival. No. 4, intermezzo, is a song without words, of passionate energy and great expressiveness. The concluding movement was composed by Schumann after his return from Vienna, and is written in sonata-form. An internal relationship obviously does not exist between the pieces, and the title of the work seems only applicable to the first and third numbers.

(To be continued.)

VERDI'S "AIDA" AT COVENT GARDEN.

FROM a letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. Frederick Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on the subject of the proposed new opera-house on the Victoria Embankment, in which, admittedly as an interested critic of the scheme, but also in behalf of the investing public, he questions the probable success of the new project, it might further be gathered that the maintenance of Italian opera in London is by no means so lucrative a concern as has generally been supposed. In addition to a number of interesting statistics adduced in support of his assertions, but into which we have not space to enter, Mr. Gye lets out one of "the secrets of the prison," which bears more closely on the matter on which we have now to speak. He tells us that on the evening of the first performance of *Aida*, when the whole house was full and every place was paid for except the box belonging to the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Gye's own box, that used by his family, seven reserved boxes, eighteen reserved stalls, and eleven stalls given to gentlemen of the Press, the total receipts, including the subscriptions, amounted to £1,105 4s. It is easy, therefore, to believe that an Italian opera-house in London does not pay *directly*, but that it does so *indirectly*, as a huge advertisement for the artists belonging to it, and for whose services at concerts and private parties enormous sums are charged by the manager, can hardly be doubted. This, however, is one of the secrets of Mr. Gye's "prison-house" which he has not thought fit to discuss. If, while throwing cold water upon Mr. Mapleson's scheme of finishing his new opera-house by the issue of debentures, he had reverted to this, he might have done good service by putting it into the heads of intending investors in Mr. Mapleson's debentures to insist that the annual earnings of the artists farmed by him should form part of their security. That it is only indirectly that Italian opera in London pays the management through its singers, seems fully to account for the fact that so many new would-be *prime donne* are brought forward, but so few new operas, and those few only after they have attained a world-wide reputation. This has been fully borne out by the fact that during the past operatic season *Tannhäuser* and *Aida* have been the only two works brought forward which had not been previously presented here. It is of the latter of these that we have now to speak.

Aida, Signor Verdi's latest operatic work, owes its origin to the present Khedive of Egypt, who, on his wanting a suitable work for the inauguration of his vice-regal theatre at Cairo, in 1872, himself suggested the subject for its plot. The libretto, the preparation of which was entrusted to M. du Locle, was at first written in French, and subsequently put into Italian by Sig. Ghislanzoni; Sig. Verdi being commissioned to supply the music. On its production at Cairo it was at once hailed as a success, and soon found its way to Milan and to several of the principal cities of Italy. That after having been heard in several places in Germany, Russia, and America, as well as more recently in Paris, it should in due course at length have reached London, was only what was to be expected. The subject-matter of *Aida*, the scene of which is laid at Memphis and at Thebes, as the book vaguely tells us, during the rule of the Pharaohs over Egypt, may be thus summarised:—*Aida*, a daughter of Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, having fallen into the hands of the Egyptians during an incursion by them into Ethiopia, is brought back a prisoner to Egypt. The King of Egypt presents her as a slave to his daughter Amneris, who, captivated by her grace and beauty, but ignorant of her high birth and condition, adopts her as a friend and sister. Radames, a young captain of the

king's guards, who is afterwards made commander-in-chief of the Egyptian troops, is secretly beloved by Amneris. He, however, is in love with *Aida*, who returns his affection. From the manner in which *Aida* is affected on news being brought that Radames has been chosen by the oracle of Isis as leader of the Egyptian army, and from the demeanour of *Aida* and Radames in her presence, Amneris suspects that *Aida* is her rival for Radames' love; her jealousy is aroused, and she vows vengeance should this turn out to be the fact. At the head of the Egyptian army, Radames now goes forth to meet the Ethiopians, who have invaded Egypt and invested Thebes. He returns victorious, laden with spoil, and followed by the prisoners, among whom is Amonasro, disguised as an officer. Of his real rank and royal position no one seems to be aware; *Aida* alone recognises him, and he begs her to keep his identity a secret. On the intercession of Radames, in spite of protestations on the part of the priests of Isis, the prisoners are set free, with the exception of Amonasro, who, on being recognised as *Aida*'s father, is retained with her as a hostage. As a reward for his martial services the king offers Radames the hand of his daughter in marriage, which, seeing that he is already deeply in love with *Aida*, places him in a difficult position. Amonasro, though a prisoner, but apparently on parole, having noticed the affection existing between Radames and his daughter *Aida*, plots to take advantage of it. Having discovered their trysting-place, he presents himself before her while she is awaiting the arrival of her lover near the Temple of Isis, and insists upon her discovering from Radames by which path the Egyptians in a new campaign are about to march against the Ethiopians. On the approach of Radames, Amonasro secretes himself behind a rock. In her interview with Radames, *Aida* persuades her lover to flee with her to her native land. As they are on the point of setting out, *Aida* suddenly pauses, and asks Radames—"By what path shall we avoid lighting on the soldiers?" Radames replies—"By the path that we have chosen to fall upon the Ethiopians; 'twill be vacant till to-morrow—the gorges of Napata." On overhearing this, Amonasro springs forward and exclaims—"The gorges of Napata! there will I post my troops." At this moment Amneris and Ramphis, the high-priest of Isis, followed by priests and guards, suddenly emerge from the temple and seize Radames, while in the confusion *Aida* and her father are allowed to escape. Radames, on being brought up for judgment, is accounted guilty of having betrayed his country's cause, and is condemned by the sacred council to be buried alive. Amneris, however, offers him the king's pardon on his consenting to abandon *Aida* for ever. This he refuses to do. On the stone being lowered which is to immure him in a living tomb, he is seen with *Aida* by his side, she having contrived to penetrate into the vault, in order to prove her constancy and love by sharing his fate and dying with him.

How Amonasro's royal rank was kept a secret from the Egyptians who had taken him prisoner, is not made clear; nor can we understand how he, a prisoner in an enemy's country, hoped to profit by the information he took so much trouble to gain through *Aida* from Radames as to the intended movements of the Egyptian troops. Absurd, too, is the willing manner in which, at *Aida*'s solicitation, Radames consents to abandon his country's cause and flee with her to Ethiopia—a plan which, apparently without any previous preparation, they are on the point of putting into execution, but for the sudden appearance of Amneris, Ramphis, and their guards. Apart from such absurdities and improbabilities, the plot of *Aida* abounds in striking and sensational situations,

which offer a suitable field both for the dramatist and the composer, and which both have turned to their advantage. But we are happy in believing that since opera-goers have been familiarised with *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, they have learnt to look for a more logical and dramatic consistency in operas than formerly they were accustomed to. An opera nowadays must have some merit as a drama; it no longer suffices if it be but a peg upon which to hang a series of pretty tunes. In his new work Sig. Verdi seems to have been fully alive to this fact, and, by avoiding the beaten track of his earlier essays, to have striven to prove his artistic ambition both musically and dramatically. Thus we find that the old-fashioned plan of chopping up each act into a series of recitatives, airs, duos, &c., has been in a great measure discarded in favour of musical declamation. We meet with less frequent repetitions of the words, and consequently the dramatic action gains in continuity. Further, it has evidently been the composer's aim to illustrate the text and impart a "local colouring" to his work, by the occasional recurrence of set phrases, by the employment of oriental scales, such as Rubinstein has used so largely in his *Tower of Babel*, *Feramors*, and Persian songs, and by the introduction of genuine Egyptian trumpets upon the stage. The orchestra, too, plays a far more important part than in many of his earlier works. Thus the adoption of a change of style which was first noticed in *La Forza del Destino* and *Don Carlos*, and more recently in his *Requiem* mass, is made the more apparent in *Aida*. To some extent it may be said that Verdi has been Germanised, but in the direction of Meyerbeer rather than of Wagner. From a musical point of view *Aida* may therefore be pronounced as an advance upon some of his earlier operas, which have long been regarded as established favourites.

Among the most imposing of the various scenes presented may be enumerated that of the Temple of Vulcan, in which the investiture of Radames as commander-in-chief takes place, and in which a mystic dance of priestesses of questionable decency is introduced; that of a dance of nigger boys, which takes place in Amneris's apartment, while she is being attired by female slaves for the triumphal festival prepared in welcome of Radames on his victorious return; the triumphal entry of Radames into Thebes, preceded by the king, attended by state officers, priests, troops, trumpeters, chariots, dancing girls, &c., bearing banners, sacred vessels, images of the gods, and the spoils of the conquered; the picturesque scene of *Aida's* interview with her father and Radames on the banks of the Nile; and more than all perhaps the last, when the stage is divided into two floors, the upper of which represents the Temple of Vulcan resplendent with gold and glittering light, and the lower shows the crypt, supported by colossal statues of Osiris, in which Radames and *Aida* are to be buried alive. Recalling the splendour of these, it may fairly be averred that, as a spectacular opera, *Aida*, mounted as it has been at Covent Garden, compares favourably with all the previous scenic displays for which this opera-house has so long been celebrated.

The performance on the third evening of its presentation, by which time all seemed to have made themselves at home with the new work, was on the whole highly satisfactory. To many the appearance of Mme. Patti in a new part must have been its most attractive feature. Her enactment of the *title-rôle*, on account of the splendour of her vocalisation and the energy of her acting, but which at times we thought excessive, was worthy of high praise. But surely for the impersonation of the part of an Ethiopian slave, there could have been no necessity for the adoption of a disguise as hideous as paint and dye could make it!

The part of Amneris was well filled by Mlle. Ernestina Gindele, a *débutante* from Vienna, who promises to prove an acquisition both as a singer and an actress. Sig. Nocolini was efficient as Radames, and Sig. Graziani by his dignified bearing was not less admirable as King Amonasro. The part of Ramphis, high-priest of Isis, and that of the King of Egypt, were well filled by Sig. Capponi and M. Feitlinger. Sig. Bevignani, who had evidently profited by experience gained in Moscow, where the work was given under his direction, conducted with care and readiness.

Though the production of *Aida* has unquestionably excited a good deal of curiosity, it would be premature to surmise what will be its eventual position in the *répertoire* of the Royal Italian Opera. But that, except as a spectacle, it will be preferred by Verdi's old admirers to some of his earlier and less pretentious works, or that it will gain for him new disciples, we cannot think is in any high degree probable.

ANCIENT HEBREW MUSIC.

It has been truly remarked that the music of every nation has its distinctive character. Italian music has been compared to a lovely woman; French music to a dashing cavalry officer; German music to a Gothic edifice, vast and grand; while American music has been described as Yankee Doodle pure and simple. Again, the music of ancient Greece has been compared to a lovable child that could never have arrived at maturity, and whose early death was no great loss to mankind; but no ingenious appellation seems as yet to have been bestowed on the music of the ancient Hebrews. What, then, was the true character of Hebrew music? Are any Hebrew melodies extant? These questions have long been a fruitful source of discussion among orientalist and musicians. Some writers have concluded that the vocal and instrumental performances of the Hebrews were nothing more than a rude and savage noise; others, perhaps too poetic and imaginative, would have us believe that the music in the Temple of Jerusalem almost equalled that echoed by cathedral arches in our own day. Nor is this divergence of opinion difficult to explain. In the absence of reliable tradition, speculations on the subject have, hitherto, been founded almost exclusively on biblical records, on the Thora, the Talmud, and later rabbinical literature: opinions vary according to the commentator's reading of the original text; and it is but too true that commentators are not always first-rate Hebrew scholars. But there is one source of information which has been far too much neglected—the records we possess in the musical instruments, in coins, in monuments, and in other works of art of the two Eastern nations with which the Jews came more immediately in contact: the Egyptians and the Assyrians. Every ethnological museum, but notably the interesting collection in the British Museum, and that at South Kensington, contains specimens of musical instruments both ancient and such as are now in use in Egypt and Western Asia; and a comparison of these with specimens exhibited on monuments of remote antiquity teaches us that the form and the construction of such instruments have for thousands of years remained the same. There is, moreover, sufficient evidence to show that the leading instruments of the Jews did not differ materially from those of their neighbours; and though the records at our disposal do not enable us to build up anything like a system, they will aid us at least in arriving at a more correct view of the general character of Hebrew music.

And the inquiry derives, perhaps, additional interest

from the recent appearance of a "Selection of Ancient Hebrew Melodies."* What is generally called a "Hebrew melody" is nothing new. Schumann has written a Hebrew song, Franz a Hebrew melody; and who does not know Lord Byron's Hebrew songs? Again, Meyerbeer in the *Prophet*; Mendelssohn in *Athalie*; Rubinstein in the *Maccabees* and the *Tower of Babel*; Verdi in his *Requiem* and in *Aida*, have introduced strains suggestive of Oriental origin—strains which have either a plaintive, or, especially when coupled with harp accompaniment, a triumphant, hymnic character. All this, however, is modern music. But the "ancient melodies" lately published have emerged from the shrines of the Synagogue; they have its authority; they lay claim to high antiquity; they profess to throw light on a subject hitherto obscure; they invite scientific inquiry. We shall see in the sequel whether they can sustain their claims in the face of evidence adduced by orientalists and historians.

Hebrew is, more than other languages, distinguished by a strong phonetic element. Grammar and music seem interwoven with one another, and this characteristic is especially noticeable in the lyric books of the Old Testament, including the Psalms, the Song of Solomon, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and, according to some writers, also the Proverbs, and the Book of Job. Every verse of the text is supplied with marks, or, as they are technically termed, accents, having at once a punctuative and a musical value. These accents are composed of thirty small figures and their combinations. So much does their musical value predominate over the punctuative, that every verse constitutes, as it were, an independent musical period; and hence the inference that the musical recitation of this kind of poetry was governed by fixed rules. But the accentuation is by no means uniform; in some of the books, as in the Psalms for instance, the accentuation is much more marked, or, if we may so term it, more melodious than in others; and it is, therefore, conjectured that there probably existed more than one system of intonation. The extreme difficulty of mastering the principles involved in this accentuation will be readily understood. It is the Gordian knot of commentators. Hupfeld has elucidated some important points in his masterly treatise on "The Twofold Principle of Rhythm and Accent;" Ewald has tried to reduce accentuation to principles governing the modulation and variation of pitch; others have arranged the accents in tables; and Delitzsch has contributed some specimens illustrating the supposed rhythm, intervals, and modulation of the Psalms and of the Lamentations; but even he—perhaps the most imaginative among leading commentators—frankly admits that no living orientalist could intone so much as a single verse of the lyric books according to the established value of the accents. Nor is it likely that even the most accomplished Hebrew scholar should master the intricacies of the subject, unless he commands that scientific knowledge of music which we admire in the great works of Westphal and of Helmholtz.

And what is the evidence as regards the instrumental music of the Hebrews? Here the case is not quite so hopeless. There are no monuments in their own land to guide and enlighten us: but such is the uniformity of ancient civilisations, that we may with tolerable accuracy supply the void from Egyptian and Assyrian records. As regards the instruments of the ancient Egyptians the evidence is complete. They had harps remarkable for elegance of form and construction: Bruce noticed two on

the fresco of a sepulchre at Thebes, dating, it is supposed, from 1250 B.C.; and a triangular Egyptian harp of twenty-one strings may be seen in the Louvre. They had the guitar or tamboura, specimens of which occur on monuments of a similar date, such as are shown on a fresco in the British Museum. The same collection contains specimens of single and double reed pipes; of cymbals discovered in the coffin of a mummy, and of bronze bells. They had flutes, as appears from the painting of a flute concert on one of the Gizeh Pyramids supposed to date from 2000 B.C. They had various kinds of drums, of which the Museum of Berlin possesses several specimens; nor are there wanting specimens of the trumpet, the tambourine, and the sistrum. These instruments form an array by no means to be despised. No wonder then that Pythagoras went to Egypt to study music!

And of Assyrian instruments the evidence is no less conclusive. It is founded chiefly on the bas-reliefs excavated on the banks of the river Tigris. We meet with the harp marked, like its Egyptian prototype, by the absence of the front pillar; we meet with the dulcimer, and a sort of trigon with plectrum; we meet with various species of the lyre; and specimens of the trumpet, of cymbals, of tambourines, and of bells have been discovered in the mound of Nimrod. One monument in particular conveys a very correct idea of an Assyrian band, and represents a procession, whose order and composition is as follows: (1) the leading harper; (2) two men, one with a dulcimer, the other with a double-pipe; (3) two harpers; (4) six women, four playing the harp, one blowing a double-pipe, and another beating a small hand-drum, and (5) the choir, composed of women and children. They are marking the rhythm by clapping their hands, while some of the musicians are dancing. One member of the choir is holding her hand to her throat, thereby probably producing those shrill piercing sounds which even in our day attract the attention of travellers at the festivals of some Eastern nations. Be it observed that both the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments here cited reach back at least as far as the thirteenth century before the Christian era; and that according to scriptural evidence the Babylonians also used the "cornet, flute, sack-but, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music." And what were the musical instruments of the Hebrews? With the exception of the Hebrew trumpets exhibited on the triumphal arch of Titus dating from the fall of Jerusalem, and the specimen of a lyre on a coin ascribed to Judas Maccabæus—the only reliable records as yet discovered—we must trust entirely to biblical and rabbinical evidence. About eighteen different instruments are mentioned in the Bible, although they numbered thirty-six according to later accounts. There is good reason to believe that David's favourite instrument, the harp, was a light and portable lyre; for it was his constant companion: "during the night," we are told, "it hung over his pillow." The lute answers to the tamboura, the flute to the single or pandean pipe, the timbrel or tabret to the hand-drum, the organ to the syrin, one species of the cymbals to the sistrum of the Egyptians; and to this day bells are appended to the Pentateuch of the Synagogue. Even the peculiar vocal performance noticed on the Assyrian monument seems to have played a part in the religious services of the Jews; for we read of a leading singer "who, by placing his thumb in his mouth, and his forefinger in the groove of his upper lip, produced sounds so powerful that the priests threw back their heads and staggered." And well they might! The only exceptional instrument mentioned in rabbinic accounts is an organ of extraordinary power, which stood in Herod's Temple. It was worked by bellows and keys, and seems to have

* Breitkopf & Härtel; Leipzig, 1875.

consisted of a chest containing ten pipes, each of which emitted ten sounds: and the hundred sounds thus produced "could be heard afar off."

Some writers have illustrated their speculations by the most fanciful sketches of supposed Hebrew instruments. But we arrive at a more sober view when we consider that the instruments mentioned in the Bible agree exactly with those of the Egyptians and Assyrians, of which we possess the most positive knowledge. And if we could have the royal bands of Pharaoh, of Nimrod, of Nebuchadnezzar, and of David and Solomon arrayed before us, we should in all probability find not only their string, wind, and percussion instruments, but also the music they would discourse, to be precisely similar.

In ancient civilisations, music was always traced to divine origin. It emanated from the altar; the gods put it into the mouth of the priest. Nor is it at all improbable that the priests, in order to render their exhortations more effective, first introduced the lyre in religious worship. But whether music originated at the altar, or whether it found its way there, this much is certain, that the Muse had no rights of her own, but performed marvels in the garb of a slave. The music of Eastern nations was chiefly choral; and, as is generally the case in an early state of society, music and dancing were combined in their religious worship. The Hebrews knew nothing of the laws of music. They needed not the elegance of art nor the delicacy of taste which is the boast of our intellectual musicians, nor yet the anvil chorus of a Boston festival to rouse them to enthusiasm. It was the music and language of nature that kindled in them celestial fire; and as the Greek Rhapsodists, and the ancient bards of Wales, held their audiences under a spell, so did the songs of Moses, of Miriam, of Deborah, exercise their miraculous power over the people of Israel. Crude, war-like, and rugged these songs may have been: but our unimaginative days hardly allow us to think of the effect produced by the chorus of a whole nation, full of joy and national pride, praising Jehovah under an Eastern sky!

The Thora gives us no information respecting the early musical ritual, and only mentions the use of the two silver trumpets which were blown at certain festivals. It was under David that the religious worship, and with it the poetry and music, of the Hebrews reached the acme. As Jubal had been the "father of the organ and harp," so was David the father of the liturgy of the Temple. The lyre which had supported the shepherd in his sorest troubles, became a sacred instrument of thanksgiving in the hands of the king. He added new psalms; he is said to have invented new instruments; he purified poetry and music; the martial character of the songs of Moses and Deborah assumed a more lyrical form; the sound of the trumpet was softened by the pastoral strains of the flute and harp; under him religious worship attained a splendour unknown before; and in this golden era of Israel, the life of the nation centred in the man who had blended the wreath of the poet with the crown of the king—in David, the Chief Musician.

Four thousand Levites, arranged in classes and choirs, performed the religious services under the direction of the three leaders, Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun; the cymbals answered to the conductor's staff of the present day; the lyre and psaltery accompanied the chanting; and wherever the mark "selah" (ritornelle) occurs, the other instruments joined and took up the chant. Among these was the flute, which played a conspicuous part in the services. It was played at the altar twelve times in the year; it was also used in nocturnal processions; and it seems to have played the symphony at the beginning and end of the strains as a solo, for we are told that it always

"brought the strain to a beautiful conclusion." The trumpets, which since the days of Moses had been increased from two to one hundred and twenty were used exclusively by the non-chanting priests. At the dedication of Solomon's Temple, the Levites sing and the priests sound the trumpets; under Hezekiah, the instrumental music of the Levites and of the priests is kept up until all the offerings are placed upon the altar, and the chanting does not begin until then. The people did not generally join in the singing, but said their Amen, though in the "Hallel" and some other psalms the people took up the Allelujah. The instruments used at the daily services were (1) trumpets, which were sounded twenty-one to forty-eight times; (2) two to six psalteries; (3) two to twelve flutes; and (4) the cymbals of the leader. In Herod's time, the ordinary band of the Levites was composed of two harps, nine psalteries, and the leading cymbals.

But if Hebrew poetry and music were at their height during the reign of David, they also lost of their former vigour what they gained in polish; and under Solomon and his successors both became more and more monotonous. As a national language Hebrew became extinct about 400 B.C.; it lost itself in Samaritan, and finally gave way to Syrian. In Herod's time, the ritual of the Temple differed widely from that of David and Solomon. In exile, as in their intercourse with neighbouring nations, the Jews lost their individuality. They were dispersed to all the winds of heaven, and with their nationality perished also David's Muse. But of the lyrical genius of the nation we have everlasting records. They had their Homer and their Ossian; they had their elegies, their love-songs, their inspiring odes, all bearing the impress of rhythm and melody, all breathing for the national Muse that fervent attachment of which the Psalmist sings in inimitable language:—

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Some writers conjecture that we possess a relic of ancient Hebrew melodies in the eight Gregorian tones. The first Christian community, it is argued, severed very gradually their connection with Temple and Synagogue. In the monasteries of Bethlehem psalms were chanted in Hebrew from morning till night. This leads to a connection with the Oriental psalmody which St. Ambrosius first introduced at Milan. Learned Jewish travellers of the twelfth century were struck with the remarkable intonation of the psalms at Bagdad; and the Armenians also had eight chants. But the evidence is as yet too fragmentary to warrant the conjecture; and even supposing it to be trustworthy, who can say how the original strains of the Temple may have been modified by the Greeks and the Armenians?

This brings us to the "Selection of Harmonised Hebrew Melodies" noticed at the outset. Tradition, it is stated, traces them to Mahari, a rabbi living about the year 1400. He compiled them, and insisted on their being used in the Synagogue as he found them. Hence the inference that they must have existed at a much earlier date; and so they are traced, if not to the Temple, at least to the East. Now there is a great difference between the chants of the Jews of Central Europe and those of the Spanish Jews. The two have nothing in common. But the Spanish community was the first and most numerous in Europe. It was, moreover, in

constant communication with the East; and if there had been any tradition at all, it would have come down to them rather than to the other sects. As regards antiquity, then, the presumption is in favour of the Spanish chants; but both probably date from the 11th or 12th century—that is, from the general revival of Church music throughout Europe. As to originality, the melodies under notice lack the first requisites of national strains—simplicity and euphony. Not only are they harmonised with questionable felicity, but they are trivial and artificial; there is neither the grandeur of an old Gregorian nor the melodious element of an Anglican chant, nor the vigour of a chorale in them. They are not Hebrew, not Oriental, but Jewish. The Jewish tinge in a modern composition is not only a want of depth, vigour, and originality, but a peculiar whining mellifluousness, suggestive of “Moses” in the *School for Scandal*—that undefinable something which Wagner has stigmatised as “Judaism in music.” If these melodies are specimens of the hidden treasures of the Synagogue, they only show that for evidences of ancient Hebrew music we must not look in the Jewish Temples. For scientific inquiry these melodies are worthless, and rather tend to confirm Norman Macleod’s impression of the Synagogue at Prague: “It almost made me weep,” he writes to his mother; “such levity and absurdity I never saw. The spirit had fled.”

If anywhere, it is in the archives of Christian churches that we may hope to discover traces of Hebrew music, and the task of lifting the veil of mystery must be left to orientalisks. In the meantime, we may safely affirm that the instrumental music of the Hebrews closely resembled that of their neighbours, with whom, in the days of David and Solomon, they shared the splendour of a rude civilisation; and that their vocal music was marked by rhythm and melody, but probably not by variety. So blended was their music with their poetry that to conceive one without the other is to conceive the letter without the spirit. But, above all, let it be remembered that ancient Hebrew music is one thing, and modern Jewish another: one was probably crude but manly, the other is polished but effeminate. C. P. S.

THE PROFESSOR ON THE GIGANTIC.

“It is a question, too,” continued the Professor, “if the constant association with the gigantic in nature has not a dwarfing effect on the intellect; that is, unless the intellect be first educated so as to withstand the influence. Nay, don’t laugh,” for Harry looked as if about to indulge in a roar; “I don’t mean to say that you or I would necessarily become less intellectual by residing amidst mountainous scenery.”

“No, I suppose not,” returned Harry; “nor would you suggest that Sir J. Herschel or Sir Richard Airey had their intellectual powers impaired by their ardent studies and researches in astronomy.”

“Certainly not; but let me ask you, as you have mentioned astronomy, are you aware that among the enthusiastic band of students who devote their energies and lives to the working out of those deep problems inevitably suggested by the immensity of astronomical space—where you are met on every side with the interminable, the illimitable, and where the greatest power of calculation known is yet insufficient to enable you to grasp one tithe of the numbers, and distances, that in their vastness seem to paralyse the understanding—are you aware, I say, that a greater percentage of these men become insane than of any other body of scientific students?”

“No,” said Harry, “I have never heard it; but is it so, really?”

“I have never seen any statistics on the subject, so do not give it your authoritative; I suppose, however, that there must be some foundation for it, as it was brought under my notice by one of themselves. But that was not what I meant when I spoke of

the intellect being dwarfed by the gigantic; I was thinking of the well-known fact that amongst all mountaineers, however physically strong and healthy they may be, from the pure air they breathe, and the constant exercise they take, there is a child-like simplicity of character, a want of depth of intellect that is very remarkable; whilst in the deep valleys of such regions, especially in the Valais district (Switzerland), and amongst the Carpathian mountains, that terrible scourge called *goutte*, and its almost invariable attendant *cretinism*, abound. Of course you understand I am not advancing this as a point for argument; indeed, I mentioned it only *en passant*, through your observation on mountain scenery, and will now return to where I was. I was speaking of the delicacies of effect lost to vision from the size of the object seen, and this being so, what must the loss be when applied to hearing, which is much more delicate and spiritual than vision?”

“How so?” inquired Harry; “I don’t go with you.”

“No? There are many points on which I ought to be able to show you that there is more of what one may term materialism about the sense of vision than hearing. To take it in a purely physical sense—delicately formed and tender as we know the eye to be, with its many muscles and nerves, and other structures necessary to carry out the visual power—the external layer, called the *sclerotica*, is sufficiently tough to bear that the entire ball may, under skilful hands, be taken out of the head, and put back again after an operation, without impairing the sight—”

“But you can’t get at the ear to do such a thing,” interrupted Harry.

“Certainly not, and why? because the intense fineness of the attendant nerves that transmit the waves of sound from the tympanum to the brain is such, that exposure would be fatal to the end desired; hence the aural mechanism is clothed thickly for its protection.”

“You consider then that vision is stronger and able to bear more than hearing?”

“Physically, yes; you have but to go into a picture-gallery to prove that! You may remain there for hours, nay, for a day, and the eye will not tire till the body asserts its own fatigue, or demands refreshment. Give it constant change, and the eye never tires—it is *insatiable*. The sense of hearing could not be subjected to such a strain without your being immensely fatigued *through it alone*. In this sense the eye may be termed more comprehensive, but out of this position its superior power ends. Vision does not enter the penetralia of our being as sound does. You object, I see?”

Harry nodded.

“Some day I must have a talk with you on the power of sound, but meanwhile would lay before you that whereas you can *colour* vision, sound *colours* you. Sound strikes with greater force on the nervous tissues of the brain; there is a subtle delicacy about the sense of hearing that altogether exceeds the fineness of vision. Men may dispute about the colour of a flash of lightning, but there are no two opinions as to the incomparable grandeur of a peal of thunder.

“There are people who tell you that the face is the perfect index of the mind—in certain cases this is so (e.g., with a very young person, or where a long indulged habit has stamped the lineaments); but to an observant ear the *tone* of voice betrays more than anything else. How many instances have there been where during a long absence of many years a person has been so altered that his nearest relatives have failed to recognise him by feature, the voice alone awakening in them the recollection of the right person?”

“Yet again, look at a score. There lie the notes embodying the entire work; through your material vision you can interpret what is on the paper, and you say ‘I understand it.’ True, in a sense, but not the *full sense*. In receiving it through the eye alone, your mind gives it a reading peculiar to yourself, your own individuality colours it necessarily—and you have altogether a distinct idea from that which you would have had you first heard it—for sound is an impalpable power, that irresistibly photographs itself on the mind without any assistance, making its impression with or without your leave. Believe me there is no comparison between the two senses. A woman would tell you

n a minute which was the more powerful, an offer made by letter or a personal appeal from the lover himself."

"I give in," cried Harry; "your last argument is irresistible, for—"

As Harry glanced at his wife, the old gentleman burst into a chuckle. "You know it from personal experience, eh, my boy? Well, I'll spare your feelings on that score, and 'hark back' to my first argument."

"About the gigantic taste of the day?"

"Error of the day, you mean," returned the Professor, "for in Art at least it engenders a false estimate of the conception with which you are dealing. In point of fact you destroy the artist's conception, supplementing it with your own, you knowing so much better than he the way it should be done. 'The poet's feet rest on the earth, but his head is amongst the stars.' What a beautiful idea is this of the wonderful power and elevation of a true artist's spirit! And you would take this fine intellectual head, full of the delicate force of pure spiritual nervousity, and you would dress it up, and feed it on oatmeal porridge and bacon, till it became a fat mass utterly incapable of showing you the divine essence it once contained. I say that, of your love for the immense and sensational, you would do this for Art."

"And all this time the world is patting itself on the back, and congratulating itself on 'the wonderful progress it has made. Nothing but high Art will do nowadays. Oh, no! the elevated taste of the day demands it—and the ludicrous part of all this is that it is meant, really meant—there is no doubt of it. Yes, the world worships Art; *only*—" here the old gentleman shrugged his shoulders, and said, caustically—"it is said in the divine book that God made man after his own image, but our modern Art-god must be made after the image of the world."

"And after all, what is at the bottom of this running after the immense? What is the meaning of it? It is but *another phase* of our old acquaintance, the sham, the *make-believe* of which we talked some time back. It is the same principle as that which induced the young organist of whom I spoke to make an ass of himself, thinking all the while that he appeared bigger than he really was—the same falsity that makes a man with four hundred a year try by appearances and style of living to impress on his neighbours that he is worth eight hundred."

"It is the taste of the day," said Harry.

"And a vitiated taste too," returned the other.

"At any rate, everybody does it," added Harry.

"But if everybody put their fingers in the fire, would you think it wise to follow their example? Remember, I am speaking of Art, and artists. In ordinary worldly matters, the doing as others do, be they right or wrong, is reckoned worldly wisdom, I know, and the right thing, because it leads to pecuniary advantage; but you can't measure the Muses by that rule; they are the teachers of the purest and noblest aspirations, and to admit such a principle as a ruling power over them would be subversive of all worth. Great artists have been termed 'the salt of the earth,' but if the salt has lost its savour—what then? It is not long since I heard a specimen of this modern worldly wisdom come from the lips of an experienced man of business. 'Take such a little concern as that?' said he. 'What's the use of a small business nowadays? Phew! no use at all. People think nothing of that. You must go in for a big thing if you want it to pay—besides, if it isn't exactly successful, it isn't of so very much consequence, for if you know what you're about you can always manage to save enough to carry you on comfortably, and launch you in another venture.'"

Harry laughed. "The happy-go-lucky principle," said he.

"Oh!" cried the old gentleman, in a severe tone, "that's what you call it, is it? See how tastes differ. Now I should have called it the unhappy-go-swindle principle. Well, it may do for the Stock Exchange perhaps, but for Art—never! When will our musicians take their lessons from Nature, who constantly teaches what to do, and what to avoid—where they may learn that an undue elevation in any quarter *must* cause a corresponding depression in another. On the one hand increase of noise, on the other decrease of beauty. In the presence of such a feature as this, all musical proportion, all true balance of power, is lost to the ear, swamped in the avalanche of sound. I don't

know that I was ever more painfully made aware of this than when listening to one of our *advanced pianists*. His *technique* was wonderful, but in that was both *alpha* and *omega*. It was quite patent to any listener that he was accustomed to play in very large places; hence he was ever thinking of himself, and labouring to produce an effect, to the detriment of the idea intended by the composer. Wearied with the constant *cacophonies ostentandi*, I hailed with delight the next piece in the programme, which was Beethoven's Op. 27, No. 2, that exquisite romance in three parts known as the Moonlight Sonata. Every one has heard of the inspiration under which it was improvised. Who has not pictured to himself the great master's rugged, powerful face as he stood watching the blind girl playing, all unknowingly, Beethoven to Beethoven? What a well-spring of emotion must have arisen within him as the moonlight streaming into the little room revealed to his gaze that pathetic, sightless face, lit up with a rapt smile of content as she played that which he had written! Who cannot imagine the tender voice with which he said, 'I will play to you, child,' and how, like a prophet of old, the spirit of the Lord being on him, he sat him down, and drew from the instrument—moonlight, pure, pale, calm, grand, yet tintured with a human passion that rendered it even more divine? But now arise tiny forms clothed in gossamer, bowing with quaint yet graceful gesture as they twine the mazy wreath, dancing their dance on the greensward. 'Like shadows in a dream they pass and re-pass, till the whole air seems full of *faerie*; and then they disappear, while still over all the calm moonlight is streaming. . . . Hark! what is that? a strangerumbling noise, rapidly increasing—a flash!—a peal!—'tis a thunder-storm, burst forth in sudden fury—another and another, flash and peal in quick succession. The wind has arisen, the storm-fiend rides abroad, and the whole atmosphere rocks and reels as if shaken with a giant's hand, while through the pauses of the storm come those mystic mutterings and moanings that ever accompany such a scene; and ever and anon through a rift in the dense clouds is seen the moon, pallid amidst the tempestuous agitation, as if struggling with the wild tumult below—pallid, but riding calmly in the higher ether, waiting for the time when she shall appear in full, unclouded splendour, and assert her own again. Oh! 'tis a glorious conception."

"With such thoughts as these I leaned back in my seat and prepared for a great treat. 'Shade of Beethoven! what is this? The notes are there, but *where is the moonlight?*' In stilted grandiloquent phrase on goes the triplet accompaniment, but where is the soft, sympathetic touch that should coax from the instrument a gauzy veil of tenderness, as if half hiding the radiant light, and dimming it into a love-dream? And what are those distant cannons, that come bang! bang! with every bar, as if trying to prevent the moon from being out of time? Wooden dolls, too, make their appearance, with very stiff joints—a kind of unnatural *fantoccini*; but where are my wee pets—where is the tiny grace of *Fabriedrom*? I heard around me exclamations of 'Fine!' 'Splendid!' 'What tone!' and then I remember no more, for from behind the chair on which the performer sat there grew out of space a grand luminous head, dim at first and unrecognisable, but gradually shaping itself into the features of the Great Master. His brows were knit as if in anger, while from his eyes flashed unutterable scorn. Bigger and bigger the vision grew, till it seemed to absorb, to overshadow everything—then from the moving lips came in clear ringing accents '*Bin ich es oder bist du so dargestellt?*'* and a mighty hand bearing a huge extinguisher descended with a crash—'*sic transit gloria*'—"

"I started from my day-dream; the piano was still vibrating, as if painfully remonstrating with its chastiser, who was bowing his acknowledgments of the public plaudits, and I took my departure, 'a sadder if not a wiser man.'"

"Nay," cried Harry, who could scarcely speak for laughing, "the wisdom, in a worldly sense, belonged to him; he was following the taste of the day, which in return filled his pockets."

"True," returned the old gentleman, with a half sigh, "he went in for the 'big thing,' hence the crucifixion of Art."

* "Is it I, or thou, who is thus represented?"

"You don't believe in the 'vox populi,' then?"

"Yes, I do; I believe the people instinctively recognise a divine thing when it is brought before them, but at first only 'thro' a glass, darkly,' and they require to be led a little into the right path, or they may turn aside and worship Baal—and I believe that the molten calf of the present Art-day is Polyphemus. I may not have convinced you, Harry, but your wife feels the truth of what I have advanced, and has all through."

"How do you know that?"

"From her silence," replied the Professor.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. —, "do you mean to say that a woman is obliged to be silent because she has nothing to say?"

"Please don't try to convince us, my dear," cried her husband.

The Professor looked at her with a kindly smile, as he said, "Dear madam, I accept your confession."

"Before it is made?" was the merry retort; "that is just like you men—you are never content with proving your own arguments, but must needs require that we women should acknowledge it, and that, you must know—"

"You couldn't do, dear," interrupted her husband—"of course not; women's rights must be respected."

"Of course," she laughed, "on their own grounds."

"Will you please define the 'grounds?'"

"*Non possumus*," she replied with mock gravity; then, turning to their old friend, she continued, "I tell you what it is, I won't have anything more to do with you if you come here to upset all my theories, and then expect me to confess them wrong; really, such things are most unreasonable."

"Which? the women, or the theories? I don't quite understand."

"You mustn't expect to understand women; they are privileged."

"I bow corrected," said the old gentleman, suiting the action to the word; "then after all Von Trimbürg was right."

"Who was he?" she asked.

"An old schoolmaster of the fourteenth century, who wrote a chapter on women."

"And what did he say?"

The Professor went to the door and opened it; then turning round and holding up his forefinger, he began—

"Short of sense and long of hair,
Strange enough the maidens are."

"Treason! heresy! Go away! I won't hear another word!" burst from her, and amidst a roar of laughter he departed.

V.E.C.

(All rights reserved.)

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, July, 1876.

In conclusion of our accounts of the past musical season, we have to mention the sixth, seventh, and eighth examination-concerts of the pupils of the Conservatoire. On these three evenings, as well as on those of which we have previously spoken, the students played with great skill and correctness; but on account of their number we can only mention the most prominent. The best among them were Herr Rudolph Artaria, from Mannheim, and Fr. Ragna Gopen, from Christiania. Each displayed great technical skill,—the one in Schumann's concert-stück in G, the other in Mendelssohn's serenade and allegro gioioso. Further, we listened with great pleasure to Hummel's B minor concerto, the first movement of which was played by Fr. Natalie Nisbeth, from Colmar (Sweden), the second and third movements by Herr Fritz Blumer, from Glarus (Switzerland). Among the violinists, Herr Albert Pestel, from Moscow, who executed Max Bruch's violin concerto with good technique and musical feeling, bore away the palm.

The seventh examination-concert was chiefly devoted to orchestral works composed by pupils of the Conservatoire, of

which we must mention an overture to Schiller's *Brant von Messina*, by Heinrich Zoellner, of Leipzig, and a short symphonic composition, *Ukrainische Serenade*, in four movements, by Michael von Kolatschewsky, from Kremenchouk (Russia). We sincerely regretted that a highly interesting suite for orchestra, by Bertram Luard Selby, was not performed. It is one of the best works recently produced by our pupils, but, unfortunately, the young composer, who has been absent from Leipzig during the last three months, failed to send in the orchestra-parts necessary for the performance.

The eighth concert was particularly interesting, on account of a very successful rendering of Beethoven's D major trio (Op. 70), by Herr Wolfgang Hentschel, from Seehausen (piano); Herr Arno Hilf, from Elster (at present the best violin-pupil of the establishment); and Herr Heberlein, from Markneukirchen (violincello). Fräulein Marie Vieweg, of Leipzig, sang the ariette, *O Sanctissima Vergine Maria*, by Gordigiani, very charmingly. The Herren Hilf and Pestel played in an excellent manner two movements from a duo for violins by Spohr. The rest of the evening was devoted to chamber compositions by the pupils of the Conservatoire, the best of which was a sonata in F major, for piano, by Edmund Uhl, from Reichenberg, in Bohemia. Three songs by Heinrich Zoellner, for soprano and piano, were also very pretty. As second best, yet good and clever works, we mention two fantasias and fugues, for two pianos, by George H. Vincent, from Liverpool, excellently rendered by the Misses Dora Schirmacher, from Liverpool, and Emma Emery, from Czernowitz, as well as three movements of a suite for string quartet, by Herbert W. Wareing, from Birmingham, and three piano-pieces by Oliver H. King, from London, which were capably played by Miss Clara Meller, from London.

A short excursion to Holland afforded us an opportunity of being present at the vocal competition of the royal singing club, "Kunst und Freundschaft," on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of June, and we there heard a number of excellent male choirs. The best were the "Société Royale des Artisans Réunis," from Brussels (director, P. Lintermans), the "Cologne Sängerkreis" (director, H. Lohrscheidt), the "Cecilia," from the Hague (director, G. Hekking), and two Rotterdam societies. The grand orchestral concert, at which compositions by members of the jury alone were produced, also proved highly interesting. Amongst these works we mention two—the D major serenade (No. 2), by S. Jadassohn, and the overture, *Waldmeisters Brautfahrt*, by Fritz Gernsheim—as having been received with enthusiasm by the audience.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, July 13th, 1876.

THE Hofoper gives its last performance the day after to-morrow. It is, indeed, high time to close that precious house. During the last few weeks the direction has had an anxious task to fulfil. Deprived of four lady singers, it was a by no means easy thing to select operas convenient for the situation. Considering these calamities, one was forced to regard the programmes with indulgence; nevertheless, it was sometimes really astonishing to notice the want of consideration due to an Imperial institute. It at last reached such a pitch that the direction was forced to change the performances announced. For instance, there was twice the following miscellaneous programme in view:—*Grand Festival March*, by R. Wagner; one act from the ballet, *Brakma*; *La Danse Macabre*, orchestral piece by Saint-Saëns; *Sallarello*, danse-divertissement; Wagner's *Meistersinger*, third act! It was Wagner himself who protested against performing (as a makeshift) a single act of any of his operas. Now it suddenly became possible to give, for the last two performances, *Robert and Lohengrin*. The frequent repetition of the said *Danse Macabre* was, indeed, incomprehensible. Wagner's march for the opening of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia was performed on three evenings. It is brilliant enough, but cannot be compared with the *Kaiser* or the *Königs* march. Also Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, instrumented by Berlioz, was once performed between two ballets—all this the subscribers to the Operas have been con-

demned to endure. The gastspiel of the two ladies, Frl. Bretfeld, from Hamburg, and Burenne, from Prague, has been the only aid from external sources. Since June 12th, Frl. Bretfeld has performed Carlo Broschi, Mignon, Senta, Elsa (twice), Julie, and Pamina; Frl. Burenne has been heard as Fides, Ortrud (twice), Adriano, Amneris (twice), and Azucena. For minor rôles two engagements have been made. The baritone, Herr Alexi, from Brunswick, performed with good result such rôles as Orsini, Count Nevers, Count Luna, Valentin; Frl. Julifay, a young beginner with a fresh voice, performed Gerny and Siebel tolerably well. On the other hand, two singers are leaving our stage—Frau Kupfer-Berger, soprano, and Herr Adams, the American tenor, who performed June 12th as Gennaro for the last time. His name was for some time mentioned in the newspapers, as he had to meet an action at law. Herr Walter, our lyric tenor, has performed but seldom, having become more and more feeble in voice. The two other tenors, Labatt and Müller, have, therefore, been the most employed. The latter, with a sympathetic, liquid voice, is improving very much. In Donizetti's *Liebestrank* (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), he was an excellent Nemorino. This opera was performed for the first time in the new opera-house; Frl. Tagliana being a very fine Adina, but with a very thin voice; Herr Scaria (the inevitable king or priest) as Dulcamara, showing also talent for comic rôles. Herr Scaria starts next week for Bayreuth to sing the rôle of Hagen in the *Götterdämmerung*. He will be followed by Herr Director Jauner and his staff, the Herren Helmesberger (concertmeister), Lewy (ober-inspektor), and Heiner (regisseur), to assist at the performances in Bayreuth. The members of the chorus and orchestra were chosen by Wagner himself, to co-operate in the *Nibelungen*. Among the novelties which are promised to be performed next season I mention *Die Folkunger*, *Dalila*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, *Sylvia* (ballet with music by Massenet), and last, but not least, *Walküre*. The opera-house will be closed July 15th and re-opened September 1st.

From June 12th to July 15th the theatre was closed ten times in all; on four evenings there was ballet or a miscellaneous representation. Operas performed in the said time: *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Mignon*, *Prophet*, *Fliegende Holländer*, *Robert der Teufel* (twice), *Lohengrin* (twice), *Herrmann*, *Kienst*, *Romeo*, *Aida* (twice), *Hugenotten*, *Zauberflöte*, *Tell*, *Troubadour*, *Des Teufels Antheil*, *Faust*, *Der Liebestrank*.

Reviews.

Oriental Pictures (Bilder aus Osten). Six Impromptus for Piano-forte Duet. Composed by ROBERT SCHUMANN (Op. 66).

Arranged for Piano-forte Solo by E. PAUER. Augener & Co. In their original form as piano-forte duets, a revised edition of which has been issued by Herr Pauer, these impromptus have long been justly esteemed by Schumann's admirers as among the most individual and the most charming of his works in this class. From a note prefixed by Schumann to the German edition of the work, which first appeared in 1849, the year following that of its composition—and which, we think, Herr Pauer would have done well to reproduce in an English garb in the edition before us—we learn that he was stimulated to the composition of these six pieces by the impression made upon him by reading Rückert's *Makamen*, a series of tales from the Arabic of Hariri. While in the course of reading this book their composition was being carried on. While composing, he tells us, he could not divert his mind from Abu Seid, the hero of the book—who, in a way, might be compared to the German Eulenspiegel—and his friend Hareth; and that this may account for the strange and heterogeneous character of some of them. The first five were not intended to be suggestive of definite situations; the last alone—which, it will be remarked, is headed *Reuig Andächtigt* (penitently devout)—he says, may pass for a re-echo of the last *Makame*, in which the hero is seen closing his gay life with penitence and penance.

Our thoughts have again been turned to these charming duets of Schumann's by the fact that an arrangement of them by Herr Pauer as piano-forte solos has just been published. The task, which in some particulars must have proved by no means an easy

one, has been fulfilled by Herr Pauer with his usual skill and care. Reverence for the author's text, so far as this is compatible with the reproduction of its general effect, has doubtless been the guiding principle upon which this compression has been effected.

The suppression by Herr Pauer of some of Schumann's "accidentals," which appear redundant, suggests a discussion of the practice of modern composers, who, by their frequent use of apparently unnecessary signs, must have puzzled many a young musician who has been taught that "every accidental chromatic sign appearing before a single note affects all the notes of the same name throughout the whole bar, but no farther." Dr. Marx explains the apparent discrepancy by remarking that, "though this rule may be considered as universally accepted, composers usually adopt a more complete and minute mode of notation than that which has been pointed out as sufficient. They prefer employing a few additional signs to leaving the performer in doubt or misapprehension." The advantage, if not the necessity, of some such divergence from primitive rules is especially noticeable in music which modulates so frequently into remote keys as does that of Schumann. In the arrangement of an orchestral work or a piano-forte duet for a single pair of hands on the piano-forte, there seems to be less necessity for indicating with such extreme nicety the cancelling of accidentals—because, so to speak, the entire score is exposed to view at a single glance—than in separate band parts, or even in a duet, where the harmony is left in doubt to each individual player. Hence, therefore, with a view to additional clearness and simplicity, the omission of some of Schumann's redundant "accidentals" seems quite justifiable in arranging a duet as a solo. It would be well, however, we think, were a more rigid plan of uniformity more generally adopted by composers and transcribers than is usually met with.

Though naturally we cannot but confess a preference for Schumann's *Bilder aus Osten* in their original form as duets, it may fairly be averred that Herr Pauer has laid under an obligation all admirers of Schumann who have not the opportunity of duet-playing, by furnishing them with an arrangement for a single pair of hands. At the same time it may be hinted that, as the proper mode of executing a piano-forte arrangement of an orchestral work is most easily arrived at by consulting the original score or by listening to an orchestral performance of it, so reference to Schumann's original version of these pieces for four hands will prove the surest guide for properly executing Herr Pauer's arrangement of them for two hands.

Voyage autour de ma Chambre. Cinq Morceaux Caractéristiques, pour Piano. Par STEPHEN HELLER (Op. 140). London and Manchester: Forsyth Brothers.

WHAT pianist is there who at some time of his life has not felt a warm enthusiasm for, or at least a genuine appreciation of, the works of Stephen Heller? Who will not welcome a new work by him, and the more readily, perhaps, because of late years the new compositions he has issued have been, like the proverbial angels' visits, "few, and far between?" As in former instances—e.g., in "Dans les Bois," "Promenades d'un Solitaire," "Nuits Blanches," &c.—Stephen Heller has drawn upon literary authors for his titles, but rather, as it seems to us, as marks for distinguishing them from each other than as a guide to their poetical intent; so he has again done in the five pieces now before us. Though designated "characteristic," we fail to perceive the connection they bear in relation to their fanciful title—"Voyage autour de ma Chambre." An exception, however, may be made in favour of one of them (No. 2), and that one of the most charming of the series. Here we can imagine the author, during a saunter round his room, coming upon a copy of the music of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, or the *Album-blatt*, which Wilhelmj has made so popular, and unconsciously to have been influenced thereby. For it abounds with melodic turns and harmonic progressions strongly redolent of the genial style of Wagner's *Meistersinger* period, to which his *Album-blatt* also belongs. Though these pieces, to some extent, seem to us to lack the spontaneity of some of the earlier of Heller's works, including those to which we have alluded, as appears from the trickiness with which a commonplace passage

is often disguised by the employment of syncopations, &c., still we meet with enough of Heller's former individuality to justify us in saying that they could have proceeded from no other hand. That they have been edited and fingered by Mr. Charles Hallé will doubtless prove an additional recommendation. At the same time they are quite worthy to stand on their own merits.

Sextett (für 2 Violinen, Viola, Violoncell, und 2 Hörner). Von BEETHOVEN (Op. 81b). Bearbeitet für Pianoforte, Violine, Viola, und Violoncell. Von CARL AHL. Offenbach: Joh. André.

THE unusual combination of instruments for a piece of chamber music employed by Beethoven in this sextett is accounted for by the fact that it was written for Herr Simrock, the founder of the well-known publishing firm in Bonn, who was also celebrated as a horn-player of unusual skill. Though probably an early composition of the master's, and by no means one of the greatest of his concerted chamber works, there is enough that is pleasing and attractive about it to justify its rearrangement for a more convenient combination of instruments than that of its original. The difficulty of obtaining the services of two sufficiently competent horn-players has stood in the way of its being frequently performed. Indeed, we can recall no occasion of a public performance of it in England. Amateurs will therefore welcome this more practicable arrangement, which has evidently been made in a skilful and reverential manner. But, considering that there already existed two arrangements of the work (presumably by Beethoven himself)—viz., one for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, and another for pianoforte, violin (or viola), and violoncello, we cannot see that there was any special call for this particular new version.

Klavier-Studien zur höheren Fertigkeit. Von LOUIS KÖHLER (Op. 183). Leichte Vortrag-Studien für kleine Hände. Von LOUIS KÖHLER (Op. 281). Offenbach: Joh. André.

IN the entitlement of both these works as "studien" (studies), the distinction between "exercises" and "studies" seems to have been overlooked, unless the word "Vortrag" prefixed to the latter may be regarded as indicative of their character. By "exercises" one understands such shorter or longer pieces as have been designed solely to strengthen and impart facility to the fingers, &c., but are not intended to be played "before people." The words "study" and "étude," as used at present, suggest complete compositions which may be played for one's own delectation or that of others, as well as for improvement. The first-named work, therefore, more properly seems to come under the appellation of "exercises," though in the severest sense of the term it may certainly lay claim to that of "studies." From a technical point of view we can recall no more complete series of exercises better calculated to impart facility in overcoming every kind and grade of difficulty, or better suited for keeping the fingers even of advanced pianists in order. Another recommendation to them is the fact that, being evidently the work of a musician of feeling, they are not disgraced by the ugliness that one but too often meets with in exercises of a purely gymnastic kind, and may therefore be practised with some degree of pleasure as well as for the sake of improvement.

The second-named work consists of short pieces in the form of studies designed for small hands, and arranged progressively as regards difficulty. The characteristic titles affixed to each, and which in many of them are fully justified by their contents, will doubtless conduce to their attractiveness. They are of about the same difficulty as Bertini's studies for small hands, but far more varied and taking.

Songs, with Pianoforte accompaniment. By ANTON RUBINSTEIN. Second Series. Augener & Co.

- No. 13. Spring Thoughts (Frühlingsgefühl).
14. Green the Forest Trees are Growing (In dem Walde spriesst es und grünt es).
15. The Spring's Blue Eyes are Shining (Die blauen Frühlingsaugen).
16. A King Grown Old and Feeble (Es war ein alter König).

ON speaking, in the *Monthly Musical Record* for May last, of the first series of twelve songs by M. Anton Rubinstein, issued by Messrs. Augener & Co., we could not do otherwise than rank them very highly, from the feeling that it is in his songs that this composer's individuality stands forth in its most pleasing light. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to find that the first series has since been followed up by a second, our only regret being that this is not one of greater extent. All four of the songs before us call for commendation on the ground of their charming *naïveté*, and the absence of any undue strain after effect. The accompaniments are never over-wrought, and generally artistically interesting. Each might be quoted as an instance of what may be done with slender materials in the hands of a master. On the whole, we award the preference to the first in the list. The prolongation of rhythm in the "spring song" (No. 15), somewhat after the manner of Ferd. Hiller's *Ghazels*, has a quaint effect. The setting of Heine's *Lied* ("Es war ein alter König," No. 16), is very characteristic. Here alone do we find an approach to "padding"—in the ritornel, consisting of a sequence of sixths, which occurs twice towards the close.

Notation: Brief Directions concerning the choice, adjustment, and formation by hand of the characters constituting the Musical Alphabet. By JOHN HULLAH. Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE objects of this little book are to show by what rhythmical laws the choice and adjustment, in a "measure," of notes and rests should be governed; and how they can be most plainly and rapidly formed by the hand. Simple and elementary as it is in its aim, we can readily believe that in his capacity of Government Inspector of Music in the training-colleges of Great Britain Mr. Hullah must have seen the need of such a book. Indeed, it will probably be admitted by all who have had experience in looking over musical examination-papers and have noticed the ridiculous errors in notation and phonography which are so often brought to light therein, that it has not been without good reason that Mr. Hullah has set himself to display a matter, apparently so simple and familiar to practised musicians, with more completeness than is to be found in the instruction-books generally. The chapter on musical handwriting, an accomplishment which ought to be taught systematically, but which, in England at least, is but too often left to be acquired at haphazard, we think will prove especially useful. Mr. Hullah gives a humorous account of the common operations brought to bear on the formation of a musical note (say, a quaver) by the self-taught in phonography. "They seem," says he, "to be the following:—(1) To place on the line or centre of the space the note is to occupy a dot; (2) to withdraw the pen in order to take a good look at the result; (3) to begin a series of widening curves round the aforesaid dot, and to continue them till the dot has become the head of a note of sufficient dimension; (4) to repeat operation 2; (5) to draw upwards or downwards from this head, sometimes with a ruler, the stem; (6) to repeat operation 2; (7) to attach to this stem the hook, sometimes again with a ruler, or, in the case of the note being one of a group, to draw the continuous line over or under it, almost always with the ruler." He then proceeds to show how almost every form of note and rest can be completed—and therefore most rapidly completed—by one uninterrupted action of the hand—i.e., without raising the pen from the paper during its formation. A lithographed page illustrates the musical characters formed according to the directions given. To tyros in the art of phonography this little book of Mr. Hullah's cannot prove otherwise than a valuable sixpennyworth.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

From AUGENER & Co.: A. Hudson, "Twilight Visions," Song; A. B. Plant, "Gavotte."—(CRAMER & Co.): J. Kist, "And it's oh! my love," Song; G. Morson, "When twilight dews," Song.—(DUNCAN DAVISON, & Co.): L. Albrecht, "When all is hushed," Song; R. Andrews, "Britannia," Grand Fantasia; W. F. Banks, "Barcarolle," "Marguerite" Nocturne, "Souvenir de Tyrol" Morceau de Salon, "Taranella," "Two Sketches."—(FORSYTH BROTHERS): C. Reinecke, "Southern Pictures," Op. 86, Books 1 and 2; "Twenty-four Studies," Op.

121, books 1, 2, and 3; "Twelve Sketches," Op. 130, books 1 and 2.—(METZLER & Co.): *H. C. Hemy*, "Departed Days," Song.—(STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co.): *R. O'Leary Vinning*, "I am the angel," Song.—(B. TURNER.): *A. D. Keate*, "The Belle Vue," Polka.—(WEEKES & Co.): *O. Booth*, "The Seagull," Song; *S. C. Cooke*, "The Homeward Watch," Song; *A. D. Keate*, "The Forget-me-not," Schottische; *A. E. Toner*, "Pauvre Fleur," Romance.

Concerts, &c.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE ninth concert opened with Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," the worth of which as a piece of programme-music illustrative of Goethe's poem "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt" we have never been able to recognise so fully as some have done. The appearance of Herr Leopold Auer as the exponent of Herr Max Bruch's concerto in G minor, Op. 26, for violin and orchestra, was specially welcome in more respects than one; firstly, because the task of performing it was evidently a work of love with Herr Auer, and secondly, because a further hearing of it led us to appreciate it more highly as a composition than on any previous occasion. That it is a work held in high esteem by violinists appears from the fact of its having been previously played here by M.M. Joachim, Straus, and Buziau; that at first it was warmly received cannot be said, but that it is a work which improves on nearer acquaintance may fairly be averred. That it is a favourite work of Herr Auer's, and one upon which he has bestowed especial attention, as might be divined by his introducing a cadenza of his own, or rather a modification of that of the author's, in the first movement, was made fully apparent. Rendered by him in his best style, and admirably accompanied by the band, it was heard under the best of circumstances. The symphony was Beethoven's in C minor, the performance of which appeared to us as rather a sleepy one, not so much on account of its being taken at too slow a pace, as on account of its general lack of accent and vigour—the natural result of the amount of overwork to which our orchestral players are subjected at this period of the year. Both band and audience, however, woke up to Wagner's overture to *Die Meistersinger*, upon the preparation of which evident care had been bestowed, and which was executed with all the vigour that so extraordinary a work naturally inspires. That this, the only novelty of the evening, and that so important a one, should have stood last on the programme must have been a disappointment to many; but on second thoughts, one could not but allow that this was the proper place for it, because no one would care to hear anything else after listening to a work of such wondrous sonority and complicity of orchestration as this, unless it were the opera to which it forms the prelude. The vocalists were Mme. Bodda-Pyne and Mr. E. Lloyd. The lady, who, as Miss Louisa Pyne, was formerly the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, and for many years, in company with the late Mr. Harrison, was the mainstay of English opera at Covent Garden Theatre, emerging from her well-earned retirement, appeared for the first time for five years, but now as a contralto singer, making choice of the aria "Lascia ch'io pianga," from Handel's *Rinaldo*, and the cavatina, "Ah quel giorno" from Rossini's *Semiramide*. She met with a warm greeting from many of her old admirers. Mr. E. Lloyd also made choice of an excerpt from *Rinaldo*. By its passionate character, elaborate harmonisation and orchestration it formed a striking contrast to the primitive simplicity of the elder master's work, beautiful though that be. He was further heard in the serenade "Wake from thy Tomb, Giselle," from E. J. Loder's opera *The Night Dancers*, which must have recalled to many a period which we are happy to think belongs to the past, and which few would wish to revive.

The most pleasing feature of the tenth and last concert was unquestionably the pianoforte-playing of Mme. Essipoff, who was most happy in her choice of Chopin's concerto in E minor, Op. 11, which, like nearly all Chopin's music, seems to require for its due presentation a peculiar temperament and natural aptitude on the part of the executant rather than special training. These are qualifications which, together with a perfect technique, Mme. Essipoff possesses in the highest degree. Under such conditions, and as it is in the interpretation of Chopin and of works of the modern romantic school that she chiefly excels, this concerto of Chopin's was heard under the best of circumstances. A judicious modification of the first part of the opening allegro was adopted by its matter being condensed and divided between the orchestra and the

pianoforte instead of its being played in its entirety by both; but who is to be held responsible for such an innovation we were not informed. Mme. Essipoff was also heard in a couple of solos, the choice of which was doubtless governed by the warm reception they met with at her recital. These were a Theme and Variations by J. P. Rameau, and an Étude de Concert by Liszt. Often as Mme. Essipoff has charmed us, never have we been more delighted with her than on this occasion; and this seemed to be the feeling of the audience generally, if we may judge from the rapturous applause which her playing evoked. In the place of Mme. Edith Wynne, who had been announced to appear, but was ill and unable to sing, Miss Emma Beasley, a young singer who promises well, at short notice consented to take her place. She was heard in Handel's gigue-like air "From Mighty Kings," from *Judas Macabæus*, and (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cousins) in an English version, by Miss Constance Bache, of Taubert's cradle-song, "Sleep, my darling, sleep." The remaining orchestral works were Schubert's unfinished symphony in a minor, Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, and Weber's "Jubilee" overture, with which, in accordance with a long established precedent the season (the sixty-fourth), was brought to a loyal close. Though there has been a considerable divergence from the plan put forward at the beginning of the season, neither of the symphonies by Raff and Hoffmann, &c., which were promised, having been brought to a hearing, there is little reason to complain on this score, other works of perhaps equal interest, among which may be mentioned Rubinstein's "Dramatic" symphony and pianoforte concerto, No. 5, and Max Bruch's violin concerto, having been given in their place. Though the directors may fairly be congratulated on its musical results, we regret to hear that financially it has been a failure, a deficit of at least a thousand pounds being in prospect. Mr. W. J. Cousins, for the tenth season, conducted on all occasions.

MUSICAL UNION MATINÉES.

PROFESSOR ELLA tells us that the original subscription to the Musical Union was one guinea for eight *matinées*, and that a ninth at one guinea the ticket was given for the director's benefit, the committee paying any deficit in the receipts. On the late Prince Consort becoming patron, in 1847, the subscription was doubled, the extra guinea *matinée* was suppressed, and all responsibility devolved upon the director. Under the title of "the grand *matinée*," Professor Ella does well, we think, to include in his annual series of eight performances one of a more miscellaneous character than those which usually obtain at this institution, which might fairly claim for its motto "*Res severa est verum gaudium*." Indeed, in these days of hurry and scurry, it may be questioned whether it would not conduce to the satisfaction of Professor Ella's patrons were the true joy of those entertainments to be made less severe, by allowing the solos to be performed in the course of, instead of at, the close of the programme. This was the plan adopted at the "grand *matinée*," and one which could not be otherwise regarded than as a relief to hard listening. As usual on this annual occasion the septett by Beethoven, Op. 20, and that by Hummel, Op. 74, again constituted the main features of the entertainment. Each, as we need hardly remark, is a favourite masterpiece, the introduction of which regularly once a year is probably welcome to the majority of Professor Ella's patrons. Some perhaps may think that the scheme might be advantageously varied by occasionally bringing forward the octetta by Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Svendsen, or the two sextetts by Brahms, in their place. This, however, would deprive us of the opportunity of listening to the *liti* among our wind instrumentalists; and this it is which, apart from their popular character, probably guides Professor Ella's choice of Beethoven's and Hummel's septetts. The wind instrumentalists who took part in these works on this occasion were Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), M. Dubrucq (oboe), M. van Haute (horn), Mr. Radcliffe (flute), Mr. Hutchins (bassoon), and Mr. Jakeway (contra-bass). Herr Jaell was the pianist, taking part in Hummel's septett, and playing a series of solos by Chopin, Kirchner, and Kirnberger, and, on being recalled, a remarkably pleasing piece of his own—"Sylphide." Solos were also contributed by M.M. Auer and Lasserre, and songs by Mlle. Redecker, all of which had the advantage of Herr Jaell's co-operation as accompanist. Herr Auer entranced the audience by his exquisite delivery of a "Reverie" by Vieuxtemps. M. Lasserre's rendering of the andante from Goltermann's concerto in D minor was scarcely less welcome; and Mlle. Redecker charmed the audience by the artistic and intelligent manner with which she sang one of the most charming of Rubinstein's "Persian" songs, and Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht."

The eighth and last *matinée* was remarkable for the successful introduction, for the first time in England, of two concerted works of importance—viz., a string quartett, in D, by P. Tchaikowsky,

Op. 11, and a pianoforte quartett in B flat, Op. 41, by M. Saint-Saens. Hitherto the name of M. Tschakowsky has only been known to English audiences by one or two pianoforte pieces played here by Dr. von Bülow, and by the admirable concerto brought forward last winter by Mr. E. Dannreuther at the Crystal Palace, and which we had hoped ere this to have heard again. The high opinion which we had formed of this composer from his concerto was fully borne out in this quartett, which, though an early work, is strikingly original, clear in its construction, and even on a first hearing by no means difficult to appreciate. Indeed, we have seldom listened to a new quartett which on a first performance has met with so warm a reception. At the close of the andante the applause was so general that Professor Ella put it to the vote whether it should be repeated. Its second hearing was carried *nem. con.* The warm reception accorded to M. Tschakowsky's work must have been a satisfaction to Professor Ella, who we think is inclined to undervalue the appreciative powers of his audience in respect to new works, as well as to Herr Auer, at whose instigation it was introduced. Without any wish to disparage M. Saint-Saens's work, we cannot but confess to feeling a preference for the passionate vigour of the Russian to the glitter and sometimes dry pedantry of the Frenchman. M. Saint-Saens, though he lacks charm of touch, proved himself a ready pianist, taking part with M. M. Auer, Hollander, and Lasserre, in his own quartett, and with Herr Jaell, in his clever and brilliant Variations—on the trio from the minuet in Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3—for two pianofortes, Op. 35, which, it will be remembered, were first heard here at the concluding *matinée* of last season. Alone he was heard in some "Transcriptions d'après S. Bach" of his own. These were a recitative and aria from the Church cantata "Freue dich, erlöste Schaar" (No. 30, of the Bach-Gesellschaft's edition), and a well-known gavotte, his rendering of which lacked dignity and breadth of phrasing, and, therefore, from a German point of view, seemed very un-Bach-like. As a lesson exemplifying the treatment which Bach's music unquestionably demands, nothing could have been more appropriate and to the point than Herr Auer's deeply expressive rendering (wholly on the fourth string) of the air from Bach's Suite in D, with quartett accompaniment. Attention may fairly be directed to another of his solos as likely to prove a boon to violinists—viz., an introduction and gavotte in G, Op. 26, by Franz Ries, formerly a violinist of eminence, and now established as a music publisher at Dresden. On the brilliant termination of the thirty-second season of this admirable institution with so interesting a programme Professor Ella may fairly claim our congratulations.

MME. ANNETTE ESSIPOFF'S RECITAL.

IN spite of the indifference for pianists and pianoforte music which has been manifested by the musical public since the departure of Herr Rubinstein, who turned the heads of so many, Mme. Essipoff, one of the most welcome of our guests during the past month, succeeded so well in arousing the enthusiasm of a tolerably numerous audience at the one recital given by her, that one could not but feel that it might have been advantageously followed by one or two more. Her programme, which was remarkable for its variety, stood as follows:—

SONATA Op. 53	Beethoven.
BARCAROLLE	F minor ... Rubinstein.
NOVELLETTE	Schumann.
FANTASIESTÜCK	
TRAUMESWIRREN	
ÉTUDE	D flat ... Liszt.
SARABANDE	Bach.
GIGUE	Hässler.
VARIATIONS	Rameau.
POLONAISE MÉLANCOLIQUE	Schubert.
MINUET	E flat symphony ... Mozart.
NOCTURNE	Chopin.
TWO MAZURKAS	
VALE	
PATINEURS (Illustration sur les motifs du Prophète)	Liszt.

We could not but think that some of the less familiar of the items included in it might, for the sake of many among the audience, have been more accurately defined. It seems, therefore, not out of place to state that the Novellette by Schumann was that in D major, Op. 21, No. 4; the Fantasiestück was not one of the well known set (Op. 12) to which "Traumeswirren" belongs, but No. 3 from Op. 11; the gigue by Hässler, and the Variations by Rameau, "Gavotte with Variations"—though old-fashioned, are wonderfully fresh and taking, and have been edited by Herr Pauer (Augener & Co.); the minuet by Mozart was a remarkably effective transcription of that from the well-known symphony in E flat, but by whom we cannot say; the Nocturne by Chopin was that in C minor, Op. 48. Though it is in the interpretation of the romantic

rather than of the classical school that Mme. Essipoff chiefly excels, the ready and intelligent manner in which she executed the entire programme from memory afforded an ample proof of her versatility, and of the wide range of her acquaintance with the literature of the pianoforte.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERT.

THE concert given by this highly esteemed professor, at St. James's Hall, was one of the most numerous attended of the season. The programme, which fully bears out the concert-giver's classical tendencies, was as follows:—

TRIO in E flat, Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Viola	Mozart.
MR. WALTER MACFARREN, MR. LAZARUS, and MR. A. BURNETT.						
{ PSALM xliii, "The Lord is my shepherd"	Schubert.
{ CORO, "Fac ut ardeat cor meum"	Fergolati.
For Female Voices.						
SUITE DE PIÈCES, Pianoforte	Walter Macfarren.
MR. WALTER MACFARREN.						
SONG	"Pack, clouds, away" ... G. A. Macfarren.
Clarinet obligato, MR. LAZARUS.						
SECOND SONATA in D, Pianoforte and Violin	Walter Macfarren.
MR. WALTER MACFARREN and M. SAINTON.						
SONG	"Love's vigil" ... Cummings.
MR. W. H. CUMMINGS.						
DUET—Allegro Brillante, Op. 92, two Pianofortes	Mendelssohn.
MR. WALTER MACFARREN and his Pupil, Miss KATE STEEL.						
TRIO	"The coming of the May" ... Walter Macfarren.
For Female Voices.						
SESTETT in F sharp minor, Op. 8, Pianoforte, two						
Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Contra Basso	W. Sterndale Bennett.
MR. WALTER MACFARREN, M. SAINTON, MR. F. AMOR, MR. A. BURNETT, MR. W. PETTIT, and MR. WHITE.						

Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, is a rare, if not the single, instance of a work written for this combination of instruments. As a work which seldom comes to a hearing its choice was commendable. No less welcome among the concerted pieces was the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's sestett, which, it will be remembered, met with so much success on its introduction last winter at a Monday Popular Concert. As was but right and proper at his own concert, Mr. Walter Macfarren occupied a prominent position, both as a composer and an executant, doing honour to himself in each capacity. We were especially glad of an opportunity of listening to his recently-published suite and sonata, a hearing of which tended greatly to confirm the good opinion lately expressed concerning them in our review columns. As rendered by the composer, with M. Sainton's hearty co-operation in the sonata, they were heard under the best of circumstances. Except on the ground that elbow-room is desirable, especially in hot weather, we were at a loss to account for the necessity of requisitioning two pianofortes for the performance of Mendelssohn's duet, which, in its original form, is so carefully and cleverly designed for one. The concerted vocal music, which was judiciously chosen, was admirably sustained by fourteen lady students of the Royal Academy of Music; the pianoforte accompaniment being ably supplied by Mr. Randegger.

MR. JOHN THOMAS'S CONCERT.

It has been remarked that professors' concerts, at which a full band and chorus are employed, have become events of much less frequent occurrence than was formerly the case. Nowadays, since concert-giving has fallen so much into the hands of speculative traders and companies, professors seldom venture upon an orchestral concert, unless with a view to bringing their own compositions to a hearing. This has been specially noticeable during the summer musical season through which we have but just passed. The only concerts on a grand scale—i.e., with band and chorus—that we can recall as having been given by professors, were those of Mme. Sainton-Dolby—for the production of her *Legend of St. Dorothea*—and that of Mr. John Thomas, the main object of which was to bring to a hearing several works of his own composing. Mr. John Thomas, Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen, may therefore be credited with a considerable amount of enterprise in engaging for his concert not only a complete orchestra, selected from the Philharmonic band, but also the Welsh Choral Union and a band of harps. The most extensive item of his programme was his dramatic cantata *Llewellyn*, composed for and produced at the Swansea Eisteddfod of 1863. Admirably as it must have served its original purpose by the patriotic spirit which it displays, and by the manner in which it appeals to a people confessedly naturally musical but in no high degree musically educated, and admirably as it was now performed under the direction of its

composer, and with the principal vocal parts well sustained by Mme. Edith Wynne, Mlle. Enriques, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, by its English opera character of twenty years ago, it seemed but ill suited to the more advanced taste of a London audience of the present day. The remaining works by the concert-giver included in the programme consisted of an overture to a manuscript opera (not named), that to his cantata, *The Bride of Neath Valley*, a couple of songs, and his own arrangement (for orchestra and band of harps) of a prelude in B flat by Mendelssohn, and "The Men of Harlech" (with chorus). An interesting feature of the programme, and apparently a work very little known, was an unpublished concerto by Mozart, for harp, flute, and orchestra, mentioned in Jahn's catalogue as having been composed at Paris, in 1778, for the Duc de Guises, an accomplished flute-player, and for his daughter, an excellent harpist. Under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins it was admirably rendered by the concert-giver and Mr. O. Svendsen; but except as a curiosity for so unusual a combination of instruments by a great master, its revival, which, we have been given to understand, was due to an eminent amateur flute-player, Mr. Walter S. Broadwood, could not be otherwise regarded than as to some extent disappointing.

MR. RALPH'S CONCERT.

THE third and last of these interesting concerts was given at Langham Hall, on the 14th of June, and was very successful. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph were again assisted by Messrs. Ellis Roberts (violin), J. Zerbini (viola), E. Woolhouse (violoncello), and J. Reynolds (contra-basso). The pianoforte solos on this occasion were a prelude and fugue in B flat by Bach, and two musical sketches by Mendelssohn, which Mme. Kate Roberts executed superbly. The concerted pieces consisted of Bargiel's pianoforte trio in D minor, Schumann's string quartett in F major, and Macfarren's pianoforte quintett in G minor, which were most ably performed, and enthusiastically received. Professor Macfarren, who was present, must have been more than satisfied with so fine an interpretation of his quintett on all hands. In the bolero movement Mr. Reynolds makes his especial mark. His contra-basso playing is truly a marvel.

Mlle. SOPHIE LÖWE, who, during the last year or two, has done good service as a vocalist at many of our best classical concerts, gave a concert at the Langham Hall, which, in one particular, was remarkable for the fact that, assisted by Mr. Shakespeare and accompanied by Mlle. Anna Mehlig, she brought to a hearing the entire series of Schubert's twenty songs—"Die Schöne Müllerin." The idea was probably due to Herr Stockhausen, who, on his last visit to us, contemplated performing the same feat in company with Mr. Sims Reeves, but was prevented from carrying it out. That at length it has devolved upon his pupil to bring it to a successful issue will be as great a satisfaction to him as it probably was to Mlle. Löwe's audience. With Mr. Shakespeare Mlle. Löwe was further heard in a couple of duets by Schumann—"Liebesgarten" and "Liebhabers Ständchen." Mlle. Anna Mehlig, with the Herren Hermann Franke and Daubert, was heard in Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, Op. 60, No. 2, and a couple of violin solos by Bach and Spohr were contributed by Herr Franke.

Mlle. ANNA MEHLIG'S *matinée musicale*, given at 18, Westbourne Terrace, deserved a wider publicity than that which a private drawing-room can afford. Her programme, in every item of which she took part, was an admirable one. Alone she was heard in a well-varied selection of pieces by Chopin, Henselt, Schumann, and Liszt; with Sig. Papini, in the andante and variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata; with M. Lasserre, in a romance by Davidoff; and with both, in Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, Op. 60. Further, she accompanied Mlle. Sophie Löwe in a series of songs by Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Franz, Lady Lindsay, and Schumann.

THE Tenbury Musical Society gave its summer concert on the 28th of June. The work selected was Handel's *Theodora*. The solos were, without exception, beautifully rendered by Mrs. Holt, Miss Antelli, Miss E. Preston, the Rev. V. K. Cooper, and Mr. E. Cholmeley Jones. Mr. Alexander, the talented organist of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, acted as leader of the band, and the Rev. J. Hampton as conductor. Many of the choruses are exceedingly difficult, and demand the greatest care in performance, but they, all alike, appeared to have been learnt by heart, and were given with great spirit and unanimity. The Society received very great

assistance from Mrs. Littleton Wheeler, who accompanied the recitatives most skilfully on the pianoforte.

WE are obliged to defer our account of the last orchestral concert of the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and the publication of the prize list, until next month.

Musical Notes.

THAT Handel's *Messiah* is not a work so universally known as has generally been supposed appears from the fact that but very recently it was performed in Rome for the first time.

WE have pleasure in directing attention to a well-written, interesting, and highly instructive article—"Beethoven and his Works: a Study"—by Mr. E. Dannreuther, contained in the July number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE honour of being the first to bring to a hearing in England Wagner's grand festival march, composed for the opening of the Centennial commemorative of the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America, belongs to Mr. W. Weist Hill, of the Alexandra Palace, where it was first heard on the 6th ult. The unexampled rapidity with which this latest of Wagner's works has reached these shores not only speaks well for the well-directed enterprise of the musical authorities at the Alexandra Palace, but may also be regarded as a hopeful and healthy sign of the times.

HERR BRAHMS has composed a new string quartett in B flat which, on its being heard at a private party in Vienna, has been spoken of as having made a very favourable impression by its melodiously taking character. May we look to its being brought to performance next season by Mr. S. Arthur Chappell or Professor Ella?—neither of whom, it may be remarked, notwithstanding the success which has attended Brahms's pianoforte quartetts, has accorded a hearing of either of his string quartetts. From Paris we hear of a new string quartett in E flat minor, by Signor Verdi, as having been successfully performed, with M. Sivori as leading violinist, before a select circle of artists, critics, and amateurs, at the Theatre des Italiens. May we also look for a hearing of this?

JOHN WADE THIRLWALL.—We are sorry to have to announce the death of this eminent and esteemed musician, which took place at his residence, York Road, Lambeth, on Thursday evening, the 15th of June last. Mr. Thirlwall was born in 1809, at Shilbottle, a small village a few miles south of Alnwick. With the exception of a few years during his latter illness, he retained his position as one of our best English violinists. Music was not his only prominent accomplishment. He was distinguished as a poet, and also possessed much talent for painting, some of his water-colour productions being, indeed, very superior. In 1872 he published a most interesting volume of poems, which are finely sympathetic and imaginative. Mr. Thirlwall was, moreover, an able speaker, gifted with great eloquence, and he was highly cultivated in almost every intellectual pursuit as regards general knowledge.

THE following is the scheme of the thirty-second Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival, to be held on the 29th inst., and three following days. Tuesday morning, August 29th—Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Tuesday evening—a new cantata, *The Corsair*, by F. H. Cowen, and a miscellaneous selection. Wednesday morning—a new oratorio, *The Resurrection*, by Professor Macfarren; Hummel's "Alma Virgo," and Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer." Wednesday evening—a sacred cantata, "Zion," by Niels Gade, composed expressly for this festival, and a miscellaneous selection, including a symphony. Thursday morning—Handel's *Messiah*. Thursday evening—Gade's cantata, *The Crusaders*, and a miscellaneous selection. Friday morning—Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*; Wagner's cantata, for male voices and orchestra, "The Holy Supper" (*Das Liebesmahl der Apostel*); and Beethoven's Mass in C, No. 1. Friday evening—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.

In addition to the favourable notices of the first volume of his Biography of Haydn, which have appeared in the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy*, the *Saturday Review*, and our own columns, it must be a rare satisfaction to Herr C. F. Pohl to be able to count Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice among his English critics. The following is a translation of a letter addressed to Herr Pohl by Her Royal Highness's private secretary, Dr. E. Becker, on the command of his Royal mistress:—"My most gracious mistress, the Princess Alice of Hesse, has lately been reading the first volume of your Biography of Haydn, which has given her much pleasure, not only on account

of its great merit as a biography, but also for the art with which you have combined so immense a mass of materials drawn from so many sources and presented it in so pleasant and thoroughly readable a form. The Princess has commanded me to communicate this to you, as she has heard that you are a native of Darmstadt, and because it gives her pleasure to find that the author of so admirable a work is a child of the country to which she herself now belongs."

All communications respecting Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications.

Business letters should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. AUGENER & CO., 86, Newgate Street.

The number of the MUSICAL RECORD has now reached 6,000 per Month. This can be verified at Messrs. CASSELL PETER & GALPIN'S, the Printers, Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill.

"THE MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD."

The Scale of Charges for Advertisements is as follows:—

PER PAGE	£5 0 0
HALF PAGE	2 16 0
QUARTER PAGE	1 10 0
QUARTER COLUMN	0 16 0
ONE-EIGHTH COLUMN	0 10 0

Four lines or less, 3s. Ninepence a line (of ten words) afterwards.

N.B.—Advertisements should be accompanied with Post Office Order or Cheque, payable to AUGENER & CO., and must not arrive later than the 20th of each month, at the Publishing Office, 86, Newgate Street.

THIRD EDITION

OF

SCOTSON CLARK'S

42

VOLUNTARIES FOR HARMONIUM.

In blue paper covers, 4to. - - net 3s.

"For the modest sum of three shillings this small folio volume of thirty-eight pages seems to supply a long-felt want. How often have our ears been tortured by the vain attempt of a village organist or harmoniumist to battle with a Handel chorus, or something as much too difficult for him as it is inappropriate for use as a voluntary in church! Here will be found some three dozen or more movements, designated as preludes, interludes, communions, voluntaries, &c., varying from four bars to three pages in length, which, without displaying any marked originality on the part of their composer, are so fluent and melodious, so musicianly in their construction, so generally sober, chaste, and temperate in character, and so easy of execution, that we can feel no surprise that the volume should already have met with such appreciation among those for whom it was designed that a whole edition has been disposed of without its coming under our notice."—*Monthly Musical Record*, November, 1875.

LONDON:

AUGENER & CO., NEWGATE STREET & REGENT STREET.

SCOTSON CLARK'S

ORIGINAL WORKS

FOR

VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE,

OR FOR

VIOLONCELLO AND PIANOFORTE.

No.		£	s.	d.
1.	Melody, in A	0	2	6
2.	Meditation	0	2	6
3.	Douce Pensée	0	2	6
4.	Improvisation, in a flat	0	2	6
5.	Agnus Dei	0	2	6
6.	Melody, in F	0	2	6
7.	Communion, in A	0	2	6
8.	Ave Maria, in A	0	2	6
9.	Offertoire, in A	0	3	0
10.	Melody, in D	0	2	6
11.	Prayer, in a flat	0	2	6
12.	Improvisation, in A	0	2	6

"We have here a series of twelve short pieces of from three to five pages in length. Each may be regarded as a little song, which on its repetition is treated with more or less variety. All are tastefully written, and as they have evidently been designed to supply a want felt by amateurs, viz., for short and easy pieces which are not mere arrangements of popular airs, we should not complain that they all come more or less under the denomination of slow movements. Calling to mind the comparative paucity of such pieces specially written for the violin, and the difficulty of attaining rapidity of execution, we cannot but think that they will prove welcome."—*Monthly Musical Record*, June, 1876.

LONDON: AUGENER & CO., Newgate Street and Regent Street.

PLAYED BY C. GODFREY'S BAND, THE GUARDS,
at the Crystal Palace, &c.

GAVOTTE DE LOUIS QUINZE

(XV.),

BY MAURICE LEE.

PIANOFORTE SOLO	3s.
PIANOFORTE DUET	3s.
TWO PIANOS, 8 HANDS	3s.
ORGAN TRANSCRIPTION BY F. E. GLADSTONE	3s.
VIOLIN & PIANOFORTE	3s.
ORCHESTRA	3s.

LONDON: AUGENER & CO., 86, Newgate Street; and
Regent Street.

AIR DU DAUPHIN, ANCIENNE DANSE DE LA COUR,

BY

JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

No.		£	s.	d.
1.	Pianoforte Solo	3	0	0
2.	Pianoforte Duet	3	0	0
3.	Two Pianofortes (Eight Hands)	3	0	0
4.	Violin and Pianoforte	3	0	0
5.	Harmonium Transcription, by Scotson Clark	3	0	0
6.	Organ Paraphrase, by W. T. Best	3	0	0
7.	Full Orchestra	3	0	0
8.	Small Band	3	0	0
9.	String Orchestra	3	0	0

LONDON: AUGENER & CO., Newgate Street and Regent Street.

ORIGINAL PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS

BY

EDOUARD DORN.

THE MOST POPULAR WORKS OF THE DAY. EFFECTIVE, YET NOT DIFFICULT.

"Mr. Dorn has acquired the enviable art of making easy music which shall, notwithstanding, have a breadth of effect usually considered inseparable from more difficult compositions."—*The Queen*.

	SOLO.
	s. d.
Angelus Bells. Musical Sketch	4 0
"Well written, pleasing, and not difficult."— <i>The Queen</i> .	
Ariel's Flight. Caprice	3 0
La Ballerina. Die Tänzerin. Sicilienne	3 0
Bella Notte. Napolitaine	3 0
Break of Morn. Morgengruss. Idyll	3 0
Bright Eyes. Mazurka	3 0

"Mr. E. Dorn writes so nicely for the hand, and his melodies and passages are always so graceful, that his pieces are ever acceptable. The elegant mazurka called 'Bright Eyes' quite answers the above description."—*The Queen*.

La Brunetta. Serenata	3 0
Chant du Bivouac. Caprice Militaire	3 0
Chant Triomphal	3 0
Columbine. Caprice Volant	4 0
Daisy Chains. Caprice à la Watteau. Illustrated	4 0
Danse des Sabots. Scene Rustique	3 0
Dawn of Love. Premier Amour. Valse Elegante	4 0
Délire de Joie. Freudentanz. Caprice à la Valse	4 0
Dora. Valse Brillante	4 0

"Very pretty, elegant, and effective pianoforte music, of very moderate difficulty, suitable for the drawing-room."—*The Queen*.

Estella. Bolero	4 0
Eventide. Abendlied. Romance	3 0
Ever Thine. Toujours à toi. Romance variée	3 0
Fall of Eve. Idyll	3 0
Fairy Bells. Feenglöckchen. Idyll. Illustrated	4 0
Fare Thee Well. Lebewohl. Melody	3 0
First Appeal. Liebesbitte. Cantilene	3 0
Floating Fancies. Mazurka	3 0
Galopade d'Amazone. Morceau de Genre. Illustrated	3 0

"A brilliant little galop, full of animation, and as fresh as a daisy. This is perhaps the best of original pieces by one of the light writers of the day."—*The Queen*.

Glad Tidings. Caprice	4 0
Glittering Spray. Caprice	4 0
Golden Wings. Morceau de Salon	4 0
Gondolina. Barcarolle. Illustrated	3 0
Good Words. Douces Paroles. Romance Expressive	3 0
Grand Galop Militaire	4 0

"Showy, tuneful, animated as a galop, in particular a galop militaire, ever should be, and capitally written for the instrument."—*The Queen*.

Grande Marche Impériale. (Homage à son Altesse le Prince Impériale) 3 0	
Happy Thoughts. Caprice à la Valse	4 0

"A very pretty little sketch, being genuine pianoforte music, showy, melodious, and easy of execution. It is not too long, and is quite worthy of the attention of an accomplished player."—*Orchestra*.

La Harpe Magique	4 0
Holiday Frolic. Galopade joyeuse	4 0
Hymne Matinale. Sunday Morning. Morceau Religieux	3 0

THE FOLLOWING HAVE ALSO BEEN PUBLISHED AS PIANO DUETS:—

Bright Eyes. Mazurka	4 0
Chant du Bivouac. Caprice Militaire	4 0
Galopade d'Amazone. Morceau de Genre. Illustrated	4 0

	SOLO.
	s. d.
Jolie Babette. Styrienne Variée. Illustrated	4 0
"An excellent little piece for young pupils. Full of tune, and nicely put together; the passages all lying well for the hand."— <i>The Queen</i> .	

The Last Look. Letzter Blick. Idyll	3 0
---	-----

"It is a graceful little composition, and the *arpeggi* with which the melody is interspersed in its after appearance are very ingenious and effective."—*The Queen*.

Little Nell. Romance without Words	3 0
Lovelight. Liebeslicht. Romance Expressive	3 0
Love Rhymes. Song without Words	3 0
Marche Héroïque	3 0
Marionette. Morceaux Gracieux	3 0
May Bloom. Fleur de Mai. Valse Gracieuse	4 0

"Another pretty waltz from the same hand as 'Dora,' and equally graceful, well-written, and attractive."—*The Queen*.

Merry Measures. Caprice à la Danse	4 0
Mountaineer's Dream. Rêve de Montagnard. Romance	3 0
Murm'ring Breezes. Caprice Éléphant	3 0
Musical Box (introducing the "British Grenadiers")	3 0
My Fairy. Caprice Gracieux	4 0
Pearl Drops. Étude de Salon. Illustrated	3 0
Purling Brook. Sources Limpides. Caprice de Salon. Illustrated	4 0
Queen of the May. Maienkönigin Valse	4 0
Grande Révue Militaire	4 0
A Sabbath Dream. Sacred Melody	3 0
Sadown. Grand Galop	4 0
Sea Dreams. Rêve de Mer. Mélodie Etude	4 0
Silvery Peals. Caprice à la Clochette	4 0
Singing Rills. Caprice. Illustrated	4 0
Snow Pearls. Schnee Perlen. Caprice	4 0
Sparkling Gems. Morceau à la Valse	4 0
Spring Blossoms. Mazurka. Illustrated	3 0
Spring Revels. Caprice à la Valse	4 0
Sunbeam. Brilliant Galop. Illustrated	3 0
Sunlit Spray. Morceau de Salon	4 0
Sunny Smiles. Romance Variée	3 0
Sweet Hope. Dolce Speranza. Pensée Mélodique	3 0
Twilight. Cantilene	3 0
Twilight Bells. Abend Glocken. Réverie Religieuse	3 0
Up with the Lark. Chant Matinal. Caprice	4 0
Grande Valse	4 0
Violets of Blue. Morceaux	4 0
Vivat Regina! Marche Loyale	4 0
Vive la Chasse. Hunter's Joy. Caprice	4 0
Vive la Garde. Chant Militaire	4 0
The War Cry. Galop	4 0
Welcome Home. Caprice	4 0
Whispering Leaves. Contes des Feuilles. Fragment Musical	4 0
White Lilies. Melody. Illustrated	4 0

"Quite simple, but graceful, unaffected, and neatly written. A pretty melody, prettily varied."—*The Queen*.

AUGENER & CO.,

86, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

Also 81, Regent Street, & Foubert's Place, Regent Street.